



No. 129

NOV.

Ten Cents

BATMAN

BATMAN

BATMAN

A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC

Detective COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

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AND ROBIN
brave modern
danger in an
old-fashioned
crime thriller!

FAMILY ALBUM



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BATMAN

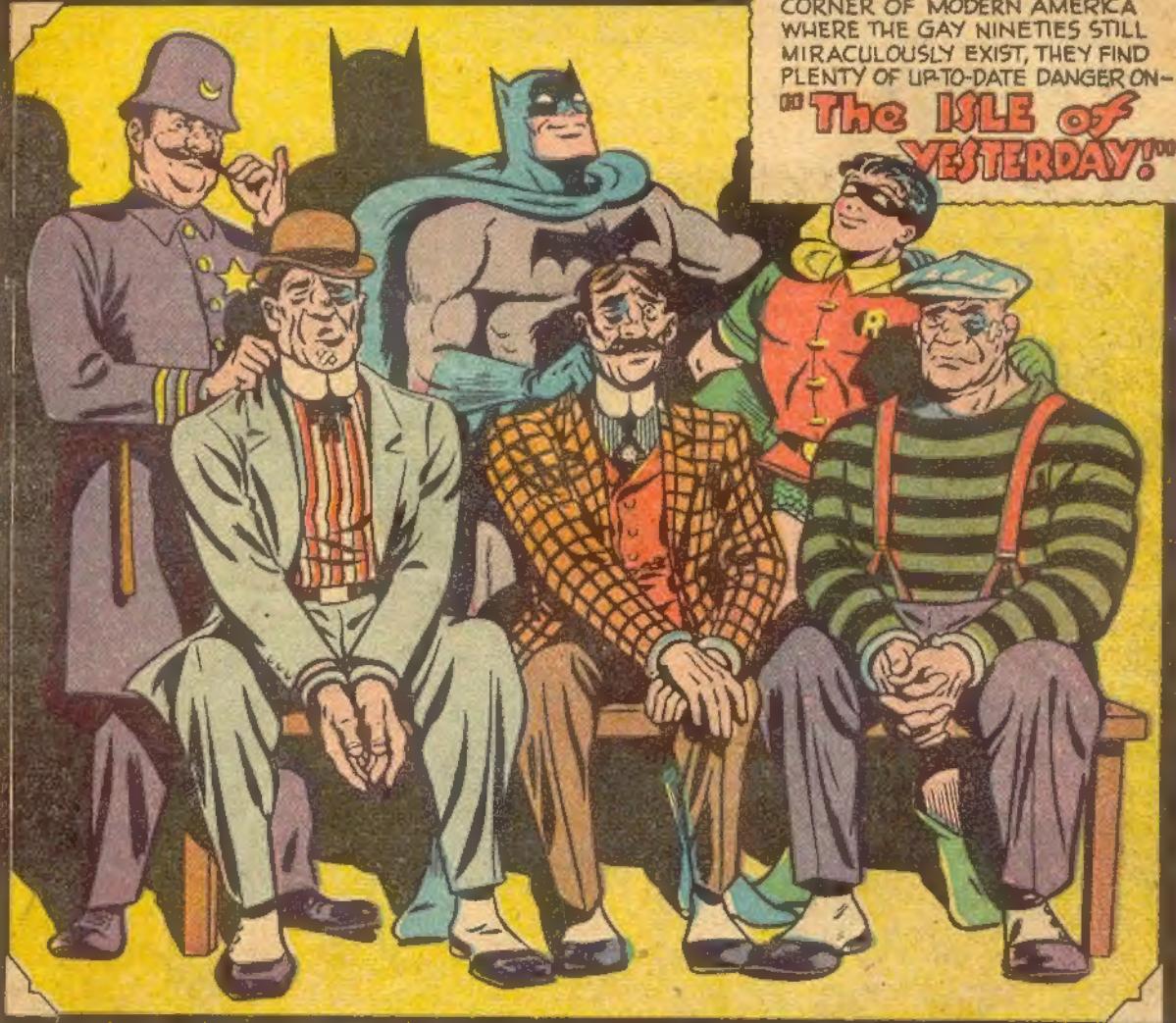
WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-

BOB
KANE

FAMILY ALBUM

THEY WERE CALLED THE GAY NINETIES, THOSE TIMES OF FIFTY YEARS AGO, WHEN AUTOMOBILES WERE A NEW MARVEL AND AIRPLANES WERE STILL INVENTORS' DREAMS. BUT CRIME FLOURISHED EVEN IN THOSE OLD-FASHIONED DAYS, WITH YEGGS AND CON-MEN INSTEAD OF RACKETEERS! AND WHEN BATMAN AND ROBIN FOLLOW A CRIME TRAIL TO A CORNER OF MODERN AMERICA WHERE THE GAY NINETIES STILL MIRACULOUSLY EXIST, THEY FIND PLENTY OF UP-TO-DATE DANGER ON-

"The ISLE of
YESTERDAY!"



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Printed in U.S.A.



THUNDER OF AN APPROACHING STORM GROWLS
OMINOUSLY OVER SLEEPING GOTHAM CITY! BUT
TWO EERIE FIGURES ARE NOT SLEEPING —

BUT, BATMAN, WHY DO
YOU THINK THAT NEW
GANG OF JEWEL THIEVES
WILL STRIKE AT THE
MUSEUM NEXT?

FOR SOME REASON,
THEY SPECIALIZE
ONLY IN OLD-
FASHIONED
JEWELRY,
ROBIN!

AND THIS
MUSEUM HAS
A RARE
COLLECTION
OF OLD
JEWELRY.
YOU WATCH
FOR THEM OUT
HERE, WHILE I
SET A TRAP
INSIDE!

MUSEUM OF ART



INSTEAD OF SETTING A TRAP, BATMAN
HAS WALKED INTO ONE! FOR OUT
OF THE DARKNESS CHARGE THE
JEWEL BANDITS!

YOU GOT
ME INTO THIS SPOT,
BUB, SO YOU'LL HAVE
TO GET ME OUT!

OOPS! SORRY
YOUR SHOE
CAME OFF!
YOU MADE
A GOOD
WAR
CLUB!

THIS
STATUE
WILL
PUT THE
KIBOSH
ON
YOU,
SNOOPER!





THE MASSIVE STATUE FALLS ON BATMAN! BUT ITS ARMS KEEP IT FROM CRUSHING HIM...

WE'LL BEAT IT OUT THE BACK! I'VE GOT THE JEWELRY!



ROBIN, THEY'RE GOING OUT THE BACK! TRAIL THEM! I'LL FREE MYSELF AND FOLLOW YOU!

GOT IT, BATMAN!

AS THE CROOKS' CAR SCREAMS AWAY...

HEAD FOR THE WATERFRONT, PINKY, AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSES!

THEY MUST HAVE A BOAT...



ROBIN, GIVE ME YOUR LOCATION AND I'LL JOIN YOU! ROBIN, COME IN ...ROBIN...

SOON, THE CROOKS PARK THE CAR ALONGSIDE THE WHARF, AND...

CRACK!

GET THAT MOTOR GOING! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE IT TO THE ISLAND BEFORE THIS STORM BREAKS!

BUT AS ROBIN IS ABOUT TO FOLLOW THE CROOKS, A DAZZLING BOLT OF LIGHTNING STRIKES NEARBY, BLINDING HIM MOMENTARILY. AND THE BOAT PULLS AWAY FROM THE DOCK BEFORE HE CAN GET ABOARD...





LATER, IN THE LAB AT THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME, DICK GRAYSON AND BRUCE EXAMINE THEIR ONLY CLUE...

..WELL, AT LEAST WE KNOW THEIR HIDEOUT IS ON A NEARBY ISLAND!

THE DUST CONTAINS SPRUCE-NEEDLES, BIRCH POLLEN AND BITS OF SAND!

THIS DUST-ANALYZER MAY FIND A CLUE IN THIS OLD-FASHIONED BUTTON SHOE I PULLED OFF ONE OF THE THIEVES!



RIGHT! AND WE'LL USE THE BATPLANE TO FIND THAT ISLAND. BUT I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND THE OLD-FASHIONED ANGLE.

LATER...

WHAT ABOUT THAT ISLAND AHEAD, ROBIN?

BIRCH AND SPRUCE TREES. THAT MUST BE IT!

NO ISLAND SO FAR WITH SPRUCE AND BIRCH ALONG ITS BEACH!

IT DOESN'T HAVE AN AIRPORT, SO I'LL LAND ON THAT FOOTBALL FIELD!

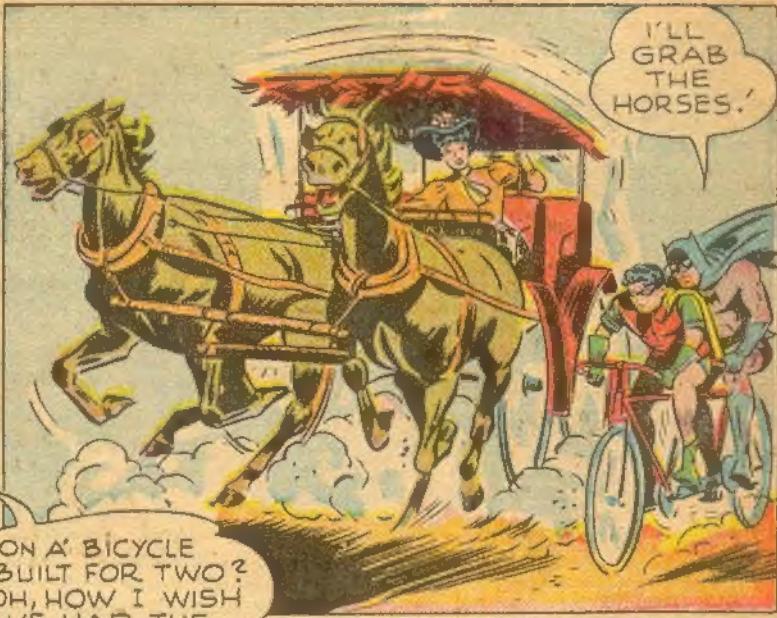
LOOK! THEY'RE PLAYING THE OLD FLYING-WEDGE STYLE FOOT-BALL!

AND HERE COMES AN OLD-FASHIONED POLICE WAGON.





DETECTIVE COMICS



ON A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO? OH, HOW I WISH WE HAD THE BATMOBILE.

POWERFUL ARMS DRAG THE PANICKED HORSES TO A HALT...



STRANGER, I'M "DIAMOND DAN" CARSON AND I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR SAVING JUDGE GOODWIN'S GRANDDAUGHTER! MARY MEANS A LOT TO ME!





IN A MANSION OUT OF THE PAST, JUDGE JAMES GOODWIN HEARS BATMAN'S STORY...



THEN BATMAN ASKS ABOUT DIAMOND DAN...



THAT NIGHT, THE GAS-LIT STREETS ECHO TO OLD-FASHIONED MUSIC FROM AN OLD-STYLE MUSIC HALL.





AN EMPTY DRESSING ROOM YIELDS
MAKEUP AND A COSTUME...



... HE IS PULLED INTO A SINGING
WAITER ACT.

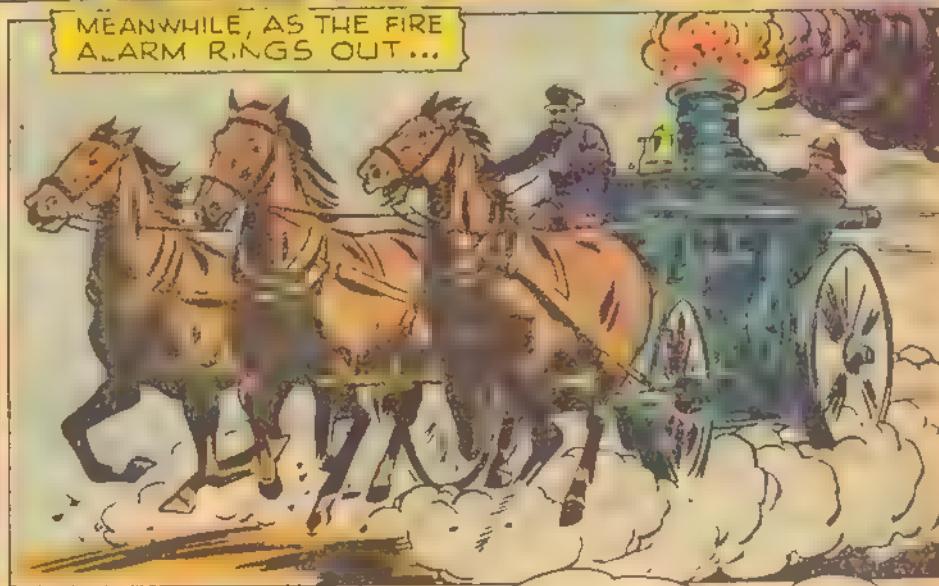


FINALLY, THE SONG ENDS, BATMAN
GETS ACROSS THE ROOM, AND MAKES
A QUICK SWITCH AGAIN!



YOU'RE NOT CLEVER ENOUGH,
BATMAN! I FIGURED YOU'D
COME SNOOPING IN HERE!
SO I WAITED FOR YOU!







BUT IT TAKES MORE THAN FLAMING
WALLS TO STOP ROBIN!

SWING ME
OUT OVER
THAT SKYLIGHT,
QUICKLY!

SWIFTLY ROBIN
FREE'S HIS PAL!
THEN...

HI, PAL! THIS IS
NO TIME TO BE
POSING FOR
PICTURES!

SWING
US OUT!
HURRY!

HE'S GETTING
OUT! WE'LL
HAVE TO WORK
FAST NOW, BE-
FORE THEY
NAB US!

SHORTLY, AT THE POLICE STATION...

DIAMOND DAN
IS LEADER OF
THE JEWEL
THIEVES WHO
HAVE BEEN
RAIDING GOTHAM
CITY!

WE'LL
SEARCH HIS
CAFE FOR
PROOF!
COME ON...

WE'RE TAKING OVER
THE ISLAND! UP WITH
YOUR HANDS—
ALL OF YOU!

THE CROWD GOING HOME FROM THE FIRE IS TERRIFIED BY THE STRANGE MODERN GUNS, MASKS AND TEAR-GAS BOMBS WHICH THE CORNERED THUGS NOW USE...

THOSE YEGGS CAN'T DO THIS TO US!

YOU CAN'T DEFY MODERN WEAPONS WITH YOUR OLD EQUIPMENT! GET EVERY BODY UNDER SHELTER!

SHORTLY...

AS DAWN BREAKS...

AND THE BATPLANE AND OUR UTILITY BELTS ARE LOCKED UP AT THE OTHER END OF TOWN!

CLEAN OUT THE BANK, THEN WE'LL LEAVE IN OUR SPEEDBOAT! AND I'M TAKING THE GOODWIN GIRL ALONG!

THIS IS ALL THE FAULT OF THOSE BLASTED MODERN WEAPONS.

YOU'RE COMING WITH US, MARY!

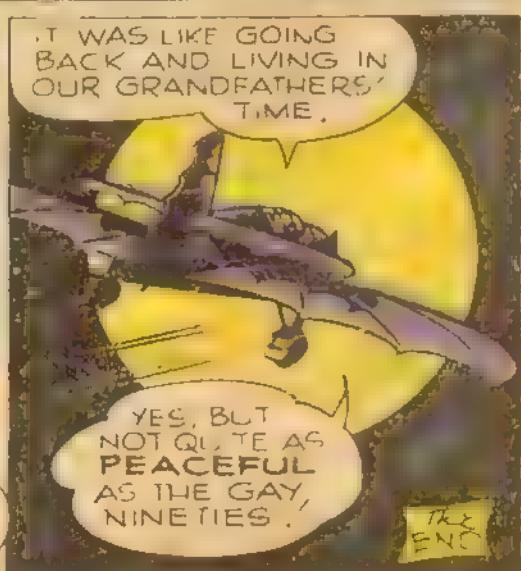
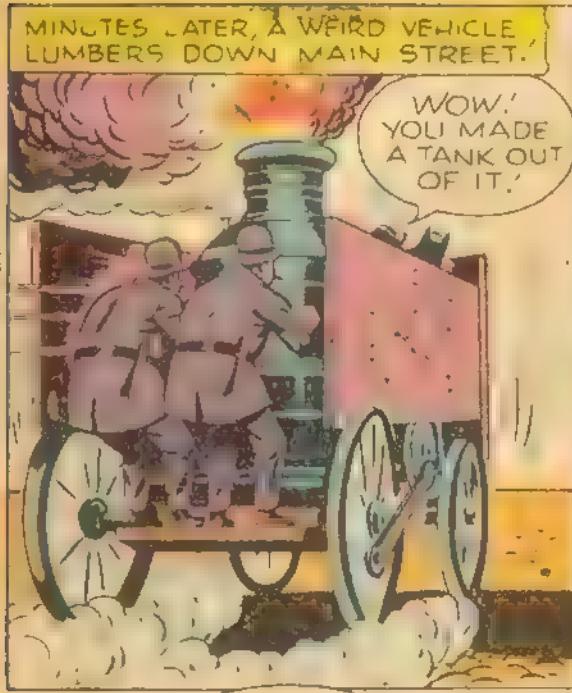
MEANWHILE...

FEVERISHLY, THEY WORK OUT A DESPERATE PLAN-

WE DON'T HAVE MODERN WEAPONS, SO WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE SOME! GET A FEW HEAVY STEEL BARS AND BOLTS! ROBIN, YOU FIX GOGGLES AND RESPIRATOR PADS.

YOU'RE CONNECTING THE PUMP ENGINE TO THE FIRE ENGINE ... GONNA MAKE A HORSELESS CARRIAGE OUT OF IT?

BETTER THAN THAT. BRING SOME PLATES OF HEAVY SHEET IRON, QUICKLY!

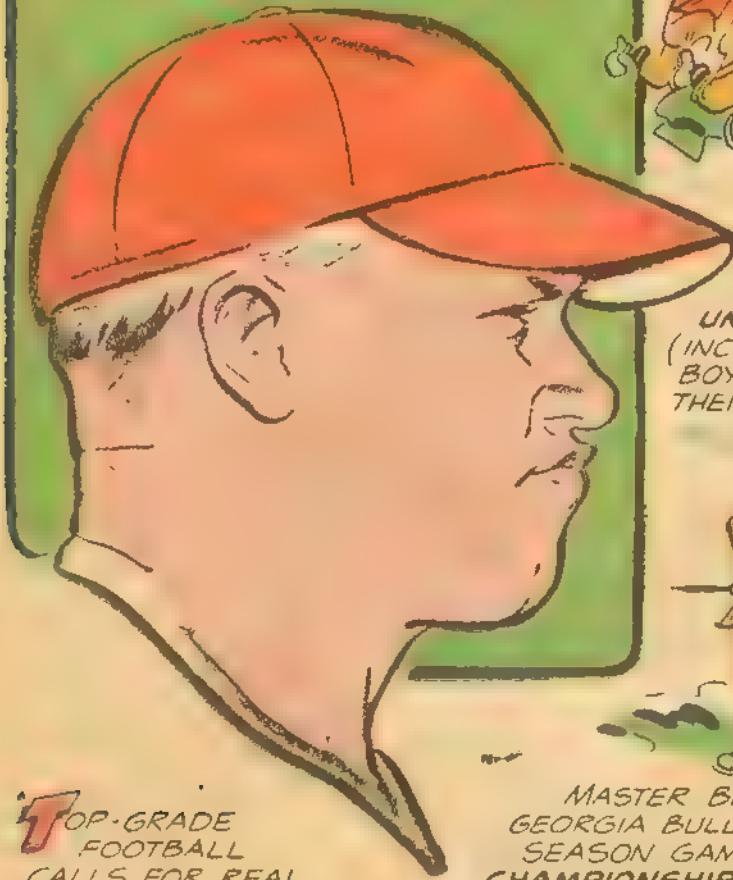


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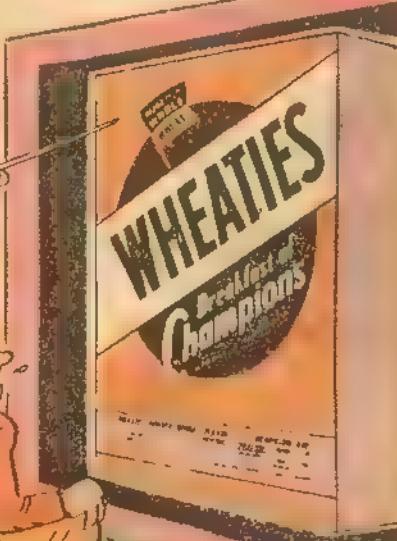
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"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS

JET-PROPELLED BIKE



RACING TO THE RESCUE



DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL
AND THE
BOYS OF
THE ELM
CITY BIKE
CLUB ARE
AT THE
AUTO-RACES,
WHEN THEY
OVERHEAR.

THIS IS ONE RACE THE
FAVORITE AIN'T GONNA
WIN. THOSE KNIFE-SLASHES
WE PUT IN HIS TIRES
WILL FIX THAT!

THOSE CROOKS ARE REALLY
TRYING TO GET AWAY WITH
MURDER! FELIAS, KEEP AN EYE
ON THEM I'VE GOT TO TRY
TO SAVE THAT DRIVER!

U.S. ROYAL ENTERS THE RACE !

JUST IN
TIME THERE GO
THE T-BEES!

IN THE MEANTIME...

THE CROOKS
ARE ESCAP-
ING IN
THAT CAR !

THEY WON'T GET
FAR WELL GVE
THEIR LICENSE
NUMBER TO THE
POLICE DEPT.

AND SOON

ROY WHAT
TEAMWORK ONE
LIFE SAVED AND
TWO SCOUNDRELS
CAUGHT!

THANKS
TO THREE
BIKES!

IF YOU WANT REAL
CONTROL ON YOUR BIKE - GO
US ROYAL BIKE TIRES WITH
THE BUILT IN SKID CHAIN

"THE TIRE WITH THE 'BUILT IN
SKD CHAIN' S TOPS WITH
ME" -- SAYS US ROYAL

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THAT'S JS ROVA. AND FOR A GOOD REASON.
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AIR WAVE

WIZARD OF WIRELESS AND MAGICIAN OF RADIO, THEY CALL HIM... AND NOW AIR WAVE'S MAGIC DOESN'T WORK! YES, HIS RADIO BECOMES USELESS... AND CROOKS HAVE A FIELD DAY WHEN AIR WAVE'S MAGIC BECOMES BLACKED OUT BY...

10 Crime Spots on the Sun!

AT THE HIDEOUT OF GANG CHIEF STOOP STOVER, PARTNERS IN PLUNDER PLAN MORE JOBS...

IDEAS, BOYS, BUT THERE'S ONE THING WRONG WITH THEM!

YOU HAVE GOOD

SOON AS WE START OPERATIN',
AIR WAVE CAN TUNE IN... AND THAT ENDS US!

YOU'RE RIGHT, STOOP! IF I HAD A NICKEL FOR EVERY JOB DAT GUY GUMMED UP, I COULD RIDE DA SUBWAY DA REST OF ME LIFE!

Bob Hanlin



MEANWHILE, A FAMED ASTRONOMER REVEALS SOME NEWS THAT CONCERN'S AIR WAVE!

YES, GENTLEMEN, THERE HAS BEEN AN UNPRECEDENTED ERUPTION ON THE SUN!

SO WHAT? WHY DOES THAT MAKE NEWS FOR US?

IT'S NEWS BECAUSE THE ERUPTIONS CAUSE SUN SPOTS WHICH WILL DISRUPT RADIO COMMUNICATION ALL OVER THE WORLD! AND THEY'RE THE WORST WE'VE EVER HAD!

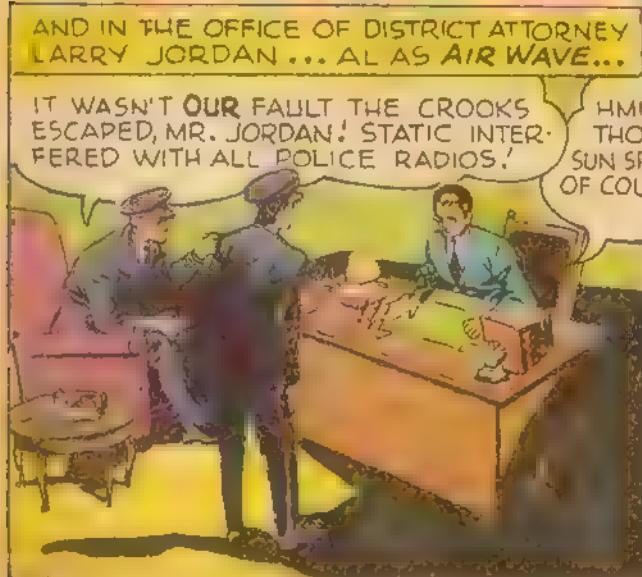


AND IN THE OFFICE OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY LARRY JORDAN ... AL AS AIR WAVE...

IT WASN'T OUR FAULT THE CROOKS ESCAPED, MR. JORDAN! STATIC INTERFERED WITH ALL POLICE RADIOS!

HMM... THOSE SUN SPOTS, OF COURSE...

LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR AIR WAVE... I'LL GET TO WORK TONIGHT!





THAT NIGHT, WITH HIS PROVERB MANGLING PARROT, STATIC, A RAVE WAVE GOES CROOK HUNTING...

BR XXX...
BRXXXX...
RRRR...
SQUEAK...
BRRR...

GOSH, STATIC...
THE ONLY THING
I CAN GET ON
MY RADIO
IS STATIC!

I'LL HAVE TO LOOK FOR
CROOKS AT WORK
TONIGHT WITHOUT THE
AID OF MY SPECIAL
RADIO!

HOURS PASS IN FUTILE
SEARCH. THEN...

TOO MANY
CROOKS
ARE THE
SPICE OF
LIFE!
AWRK!

LOOKS LIKE
DIRTY WORK
DOWN THERE!
COME ON,
STATIC!

FORGET THAT WINDOW,
RATS! I'LL GIVE
YOU A PANE!

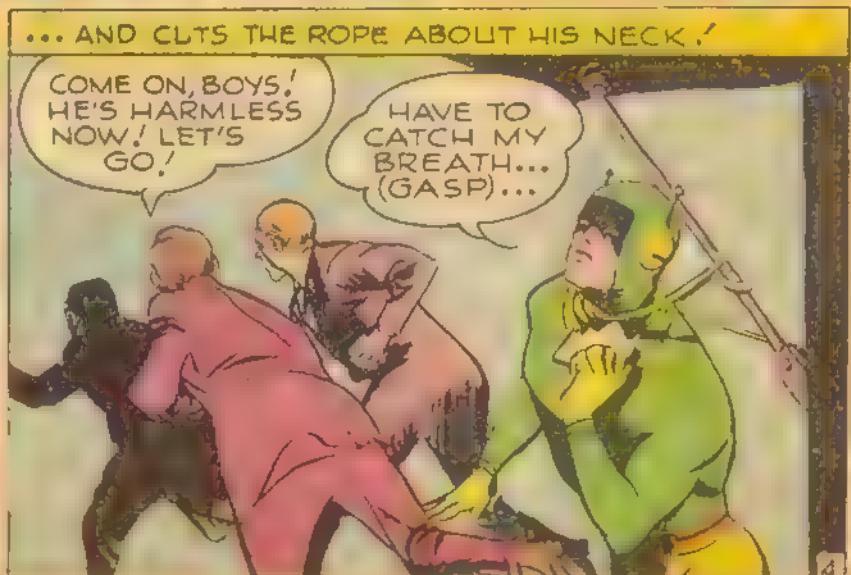
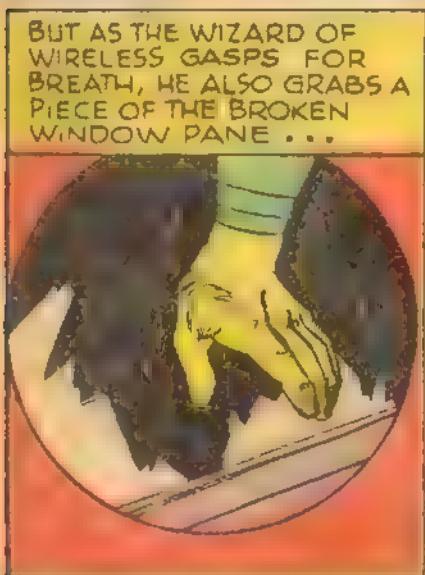
AIR
WAVE!

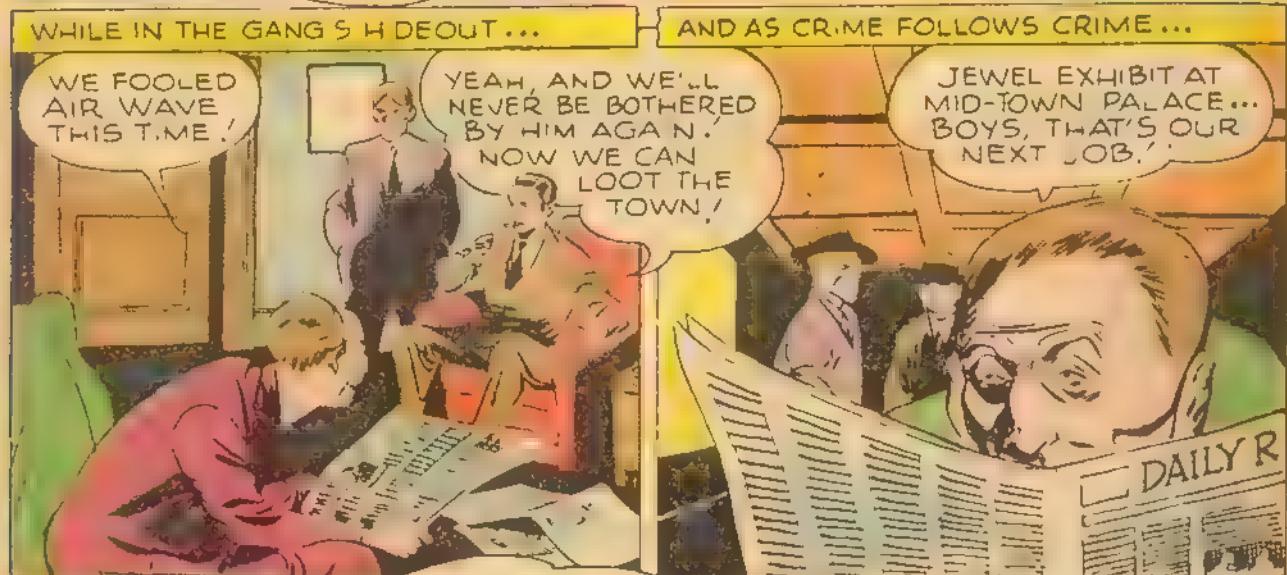
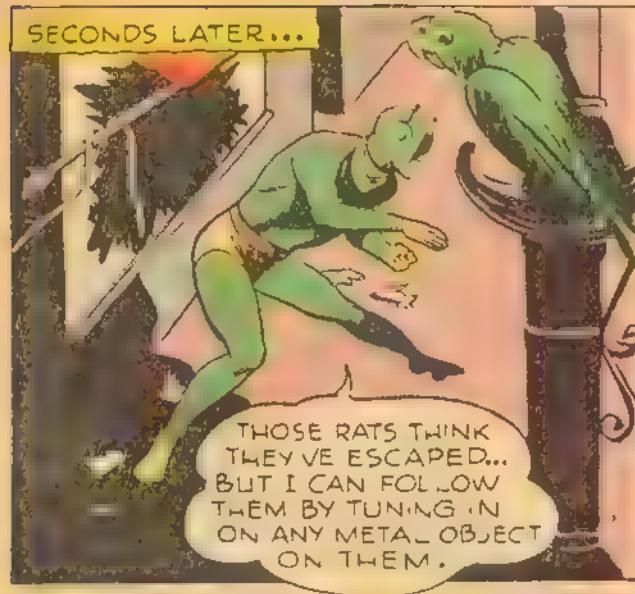
MY MAGNETIZED
SHOES WILL TAKE
CARE OF THAT
GUN, MUG!

YI!!! AIR WAVE,
FOUND LS WIT'OUT
RADIO!

LET'S
SCRAM!







DETECTIVE COMICS



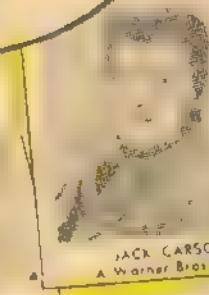
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PHOTOS OF STARS LIKE

**HEDY LAMARR!
GEORGE McAFFEE!**



HEDY LAMARR
A Distinguished Lady



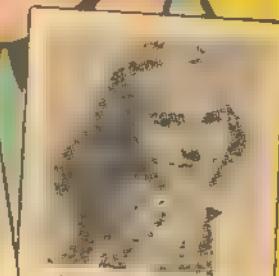
JACK CARSON
A Warner Bros Star



CLAUDETTE COLBERT
In The Egg and I



GEORGE McAFFEE
Halfback Chicago Bears



PEGGY ANN GARNER
In Bob Son of Boys



WILLIAM ELLIOTT
A Red Hot Pictures Star



CHARLIE TRIPPI
An American Halfback



VERGINIA MAYO
In The Secret Life of
Walter Mitty



ZACHARY SCOTT
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18 MOVIE STARS!
6 SPORT STARS!

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Our Lives
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A Warner Bros Star

MOVIE STARS

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In The Secret Life of
Walter Mitty
ELAINE COOPER
In The Egg and I
PEGGY ANN GARNER
In Bob Son of Boys
RED DAD MCBRAY
In The Egg and I
JOAN BENNETT
In The More the Merrier
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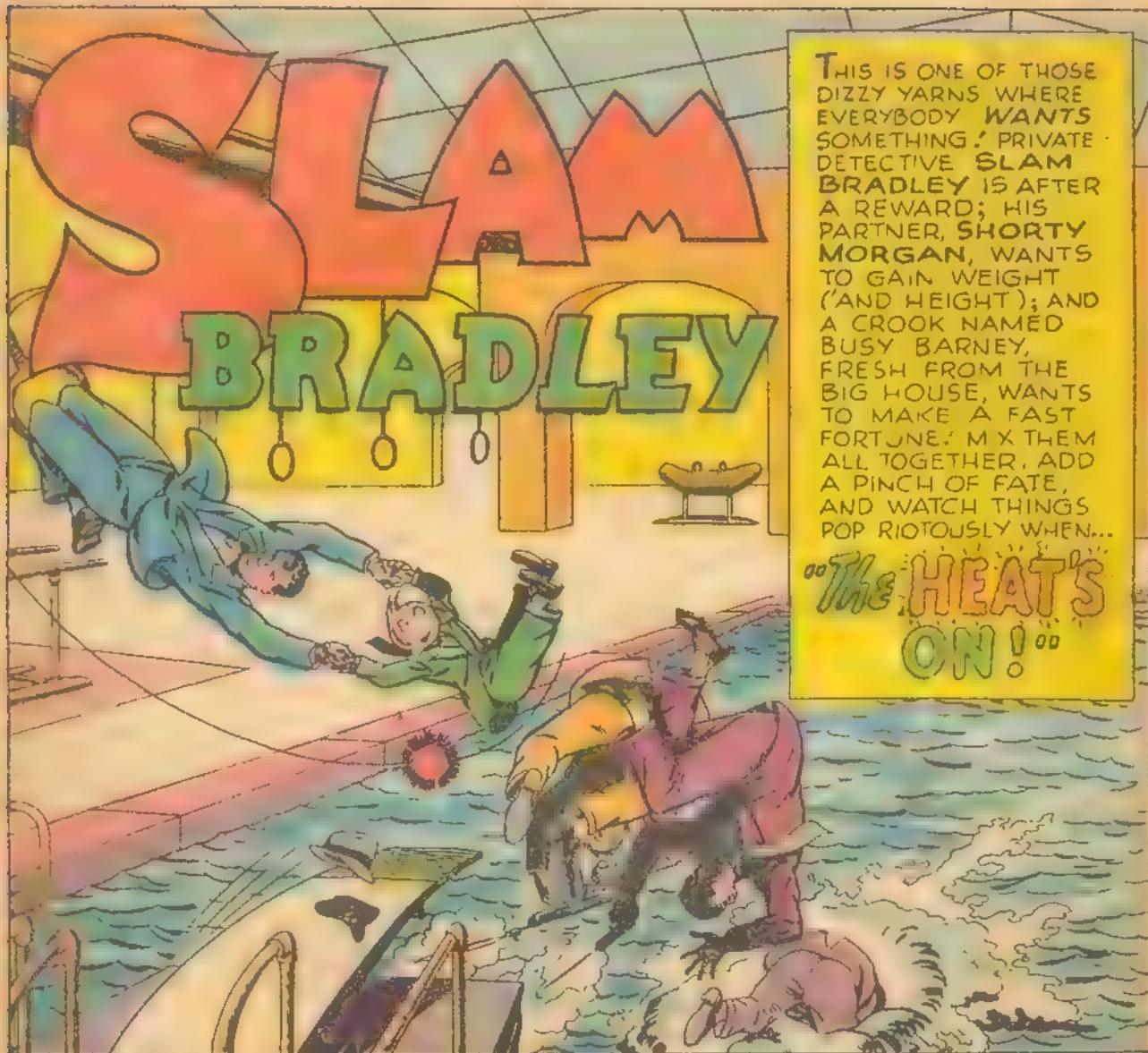
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Chicago White Sox Pitcher
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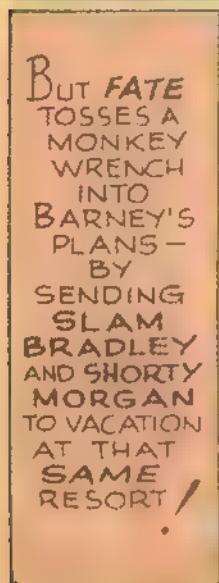
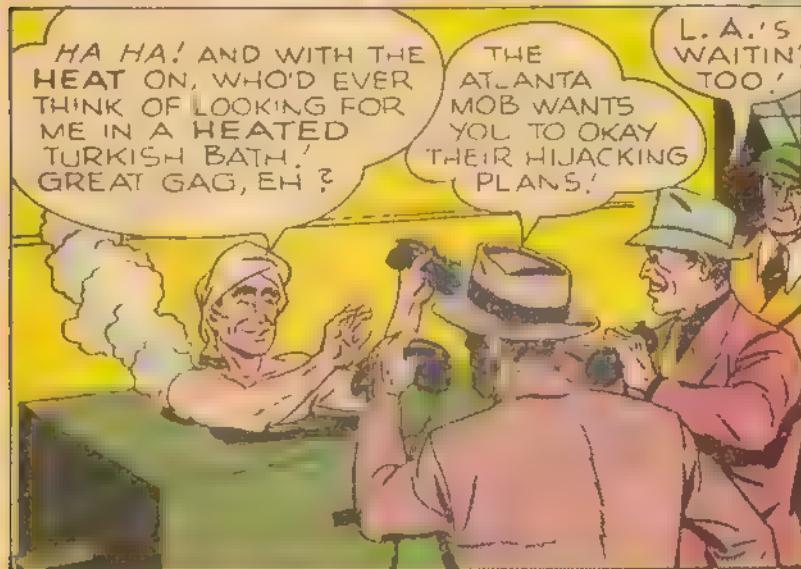
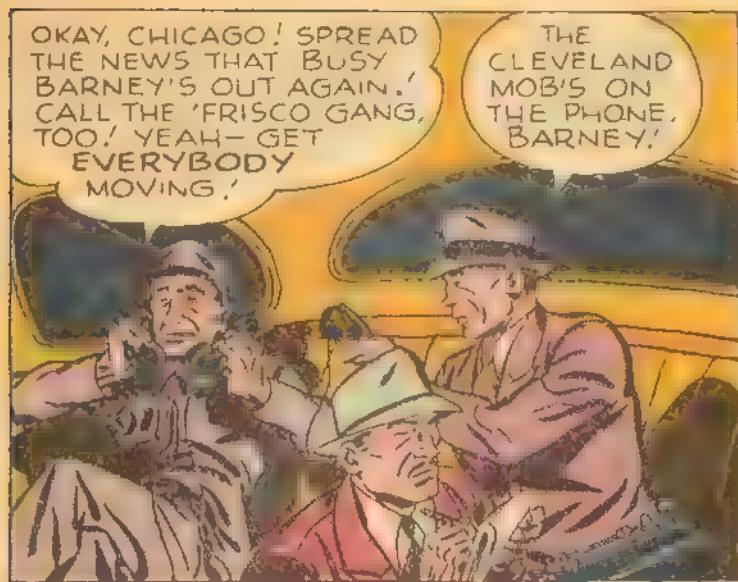


THIS IS ONE OF THOSE DIZZY YARNS WHERE EVERYBODY WANTS SOMETHING! PRIVATE DETECTIVE **SLAM BRADLEY** IS AFTER A REWARD; HIS PARTNER, **SHORTY MORGAN**, WANTS TO GAIN WEIGHT (AND HEIGHT); AND A CROOK NAMED **BUSY BARNEY**, FRESH FROM THE BIG HOUSE, WANTS TO MAKE A FAST FORTUNE. MIX THEM ALL TOGETHER, ADD A PINCH OF FATE, AND WATCH THINGS POP RIOTOUSLY WHEN...

"The HEAT'S ON!"

FOG HANGS OVER STATE PRISON. THEN, SUDDENLY, THERE IS THE WAIL OF SIRENS AND A ROAR OF GUNFIRE...







LATER, IN THE HOTEL'S GYM...

THAT'S FUNNY!
NOT A SOUL IN
THE PLACE!AW, QUIT WORRYIN'
AND DON'T BOTHER
ME WHILE I'M TRYIN'
TO STRETCH MYSELF
AN INCH OR TWO.YOU'LL STRETCH
NOTHING BUT YOUR
IMAGINATION! I'M
GOING FOR A
WALK...PHOOEY!
YER JUST
AFRAID
I'LL BE AS
BIG AS
YOU ARE
BY THE
TIME I'M
THROUGH!

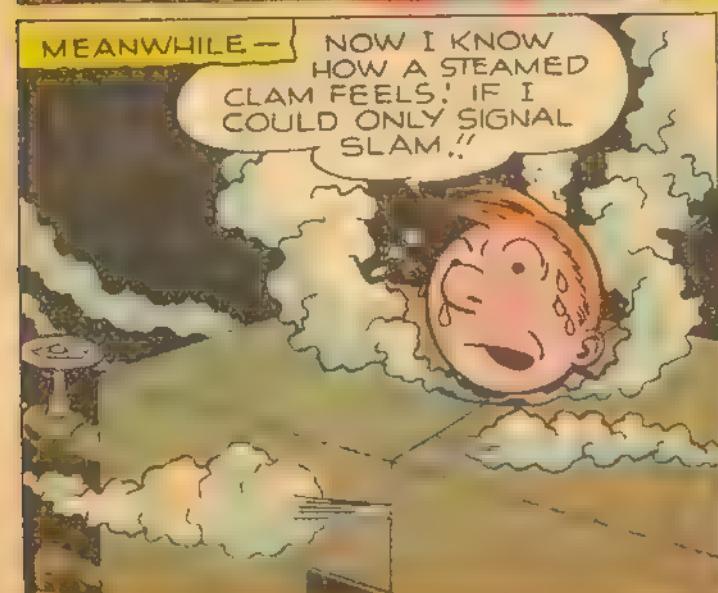
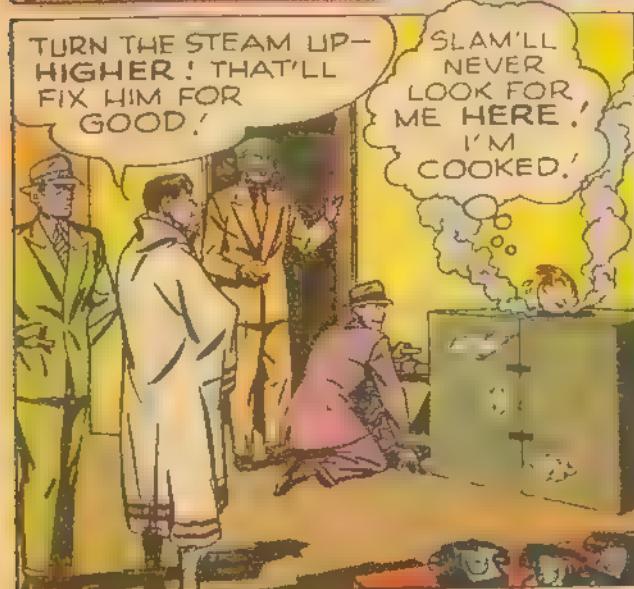
SHORTLY...

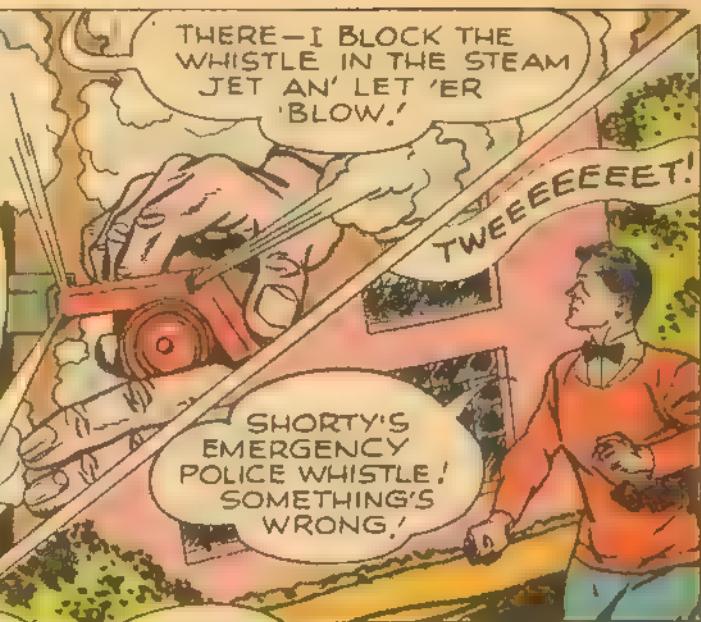
WELL, I DIDN'T GROW
ANY TALLER BUT—
GOSH! I GAINED TEN
POUNDS! WOW!
WAIT'LL I TELL
SLAM!HEY!
WHAT
GOES
ON?GET 'IM,
PETE!

BIFF!

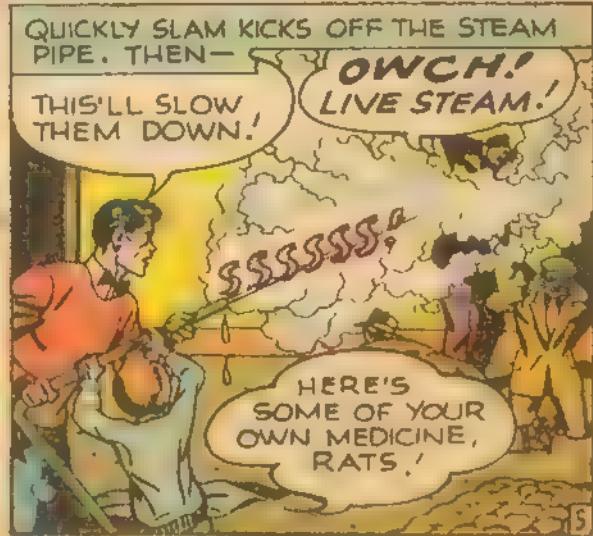
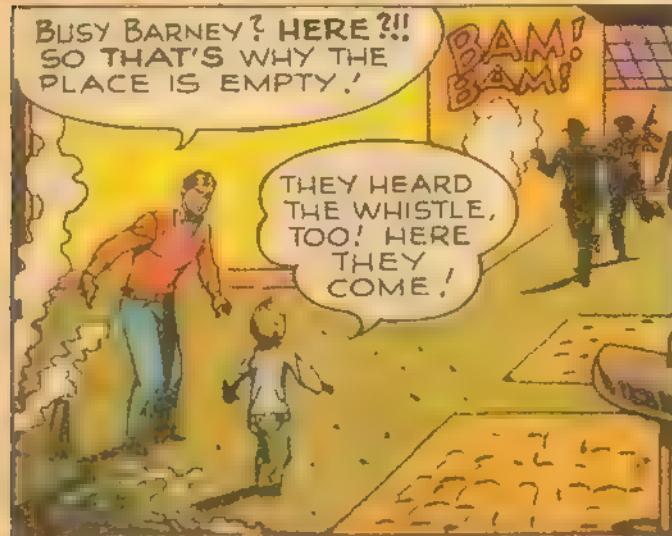
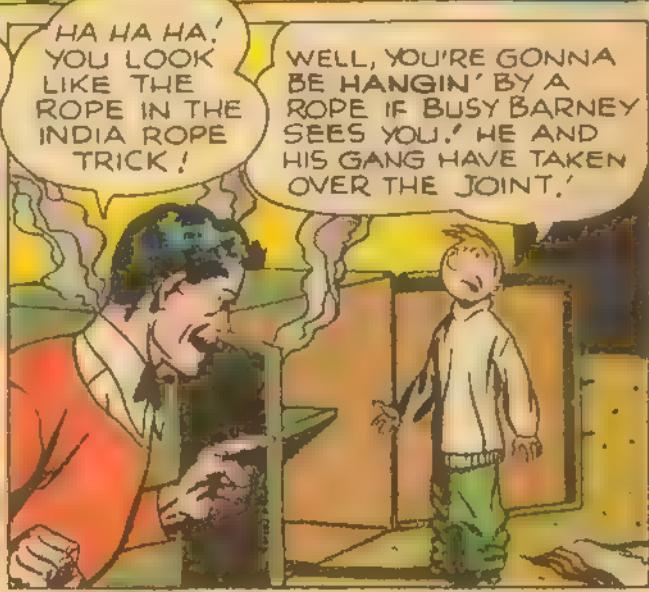
BAM!

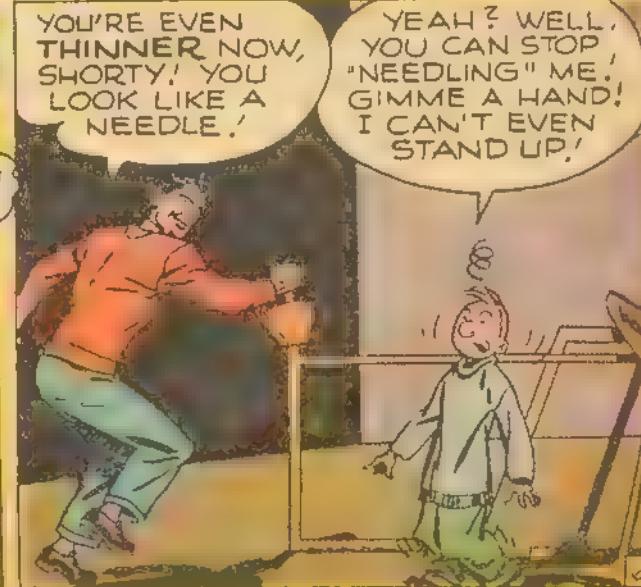
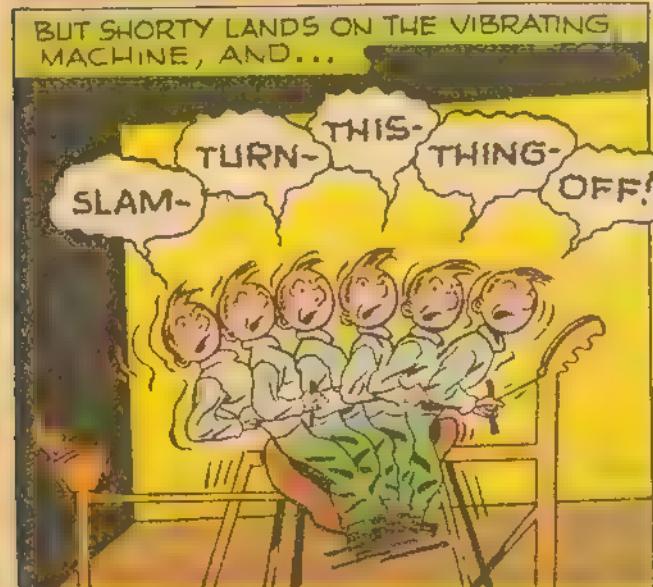
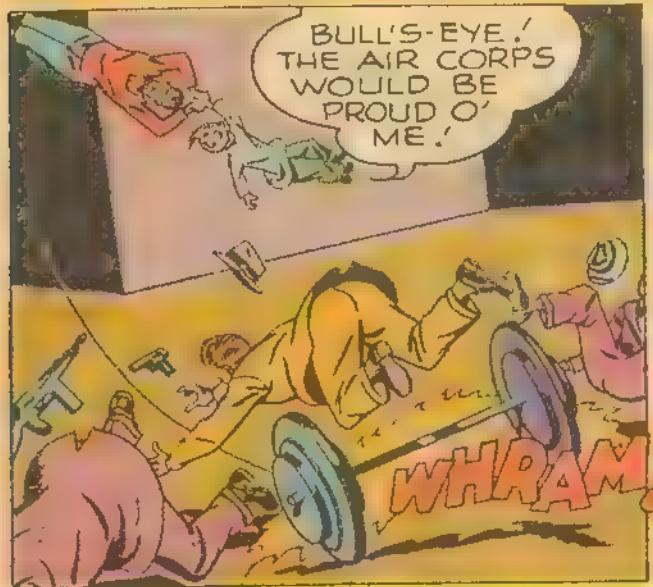
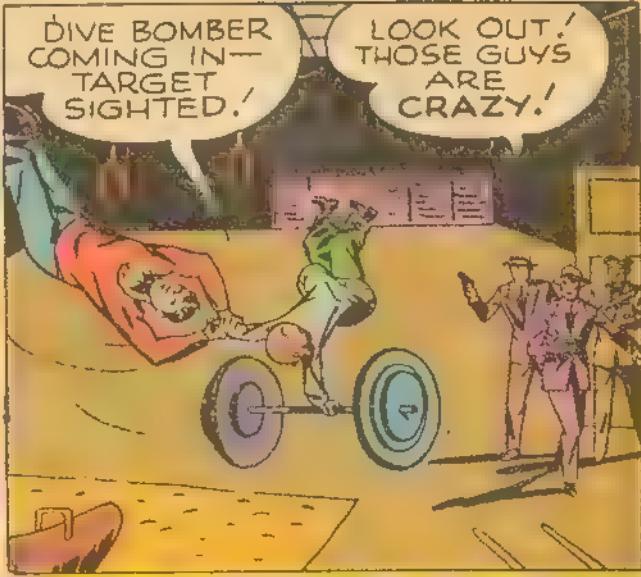
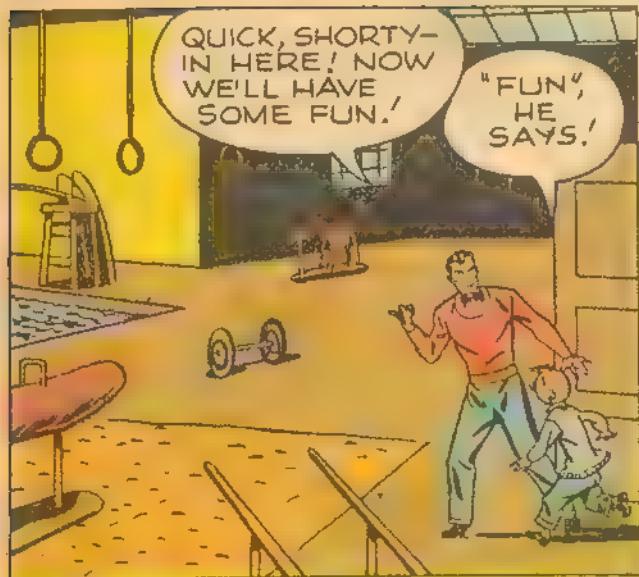
CROOKS!
I'LL GET
SLAM...GRAB DAT
RUNT!WHEW! GOT THIS
DOOR LOCKED
JUST IN TIME!WELL, WELL!
LOOK WHO
CRAWLED
TROUGH DA
KEYHOLE!



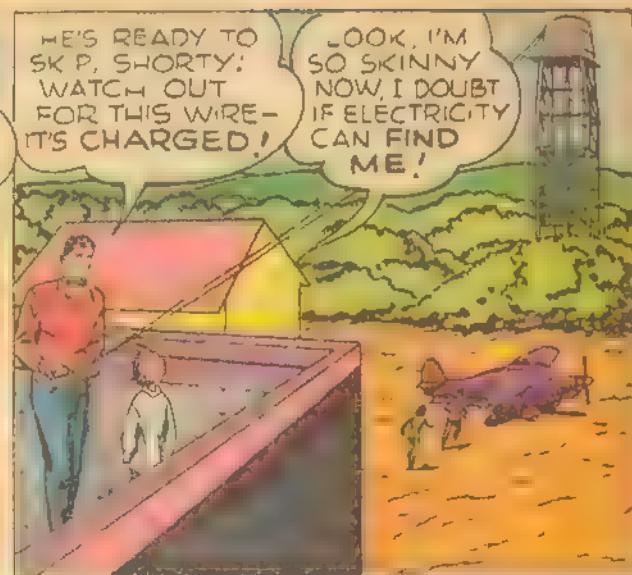


SECONDS LATER...





DETECTIVE COMICS



And
DON T
FORGET
THAT
SAWED-OFF
SLY SLEUTH
**PENNILESS
PALMER**
in
**Star-
Spangled
Comics!**

Captain Tootsie

Tootsie

SECRET-PLAY
TOUCHDOWN

BY CC BECK AND PETE CONTEA

THAT'S IT, TEAM! THAT'S GREAT! YOU'VE GOT IT NOW!



CAPTAIN TOOTSIE COACHES THE SECRET LEGION FOR THEIR BIG GAME OF THE SEASON WITH THE GAS HOUSE BRUISERS.

WELL, MEN, WITH THOSE SECRET PLAYS WE'VE WORKED OUT THE GAS HOUSE GANG WON'T HAVE A CHANCE!

I'M NOT SO SURE, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE! THEY'RE AWFUL BIG GUYS.... AND TRICKY!

DIS IS GREAT, MONK! WE'RE SWIPIN' ALL THEIR PLAYS!

ROLLO IS RIGHT! FUNNY WORK IS ALREADY AFLOAT!

YEH!

DEM SECRET LEGION BUMS! I NEVER KNOW WOT HIT 'EM IN DA GAME TOMORRA! WE'RE ONTA THEIR TRICKS!

YEH!

THE BIG GAME IS ON! AND THE BRUISERS ARE SLAUGHTERING THE SECRET LEGION!

HMM! 12 TO 7! WE NEED A TOUCHDOWN!

HOORAY! ATTABOY, FATSO! RUN!

FATSO IS THROWN FOR A 10-YARD LOSS!

FATSO! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

TIME OUT IS CALLED, WITH 2 MINUTES LEFT TO PLAY. THINGS LOOK BAD!

I-I GUESS SO, CAPT TOOTSIE!

HERE'S ONE SECRET I'LL BET THEY DON'T KNOW ABOUT, MEN! THESE Tootsie ROLLS WILL GIVE YOU QUICK ENERGY FOR THAT FINAL TOUCHDOWN!

SIGNALS ARE CALLED...

47-63

71

10

THOSE BRUISERS KNOW ALL OUR SECRET PLAYS BEFORE WE CAN DO 'EM, CAPT TOOTSIE!

YUMA YUMA!

OH, BOY!

THE BALL IS SNAPPED! ROLLO FADES BACK FOR A LONG PASS. BUT INSTEAD...

...WITH ALL THAT EXTRA Tootsie "STEAM" HE PLOWS THROUGH CENTER FOR THE WINNING TOUCHDOWN!

HERE, FELLOWS, YOU DESERVE AN EXTRA ROUND OF Tootsie ROLLS AFTER THAT GAME!

THEY SURE GAVE US THE ENERGY WE NEEDED!

WE NEVER SHOULD'A CHEATED, MONK!

Tootsie Rolls are chocolatey rich 'n' chewy! And they give you quick energy to help make you the hero of your team.

Tootsie Roll

Tootsie Roll

BUY THE BIG JUMBO SIZE Tootsie ROLLS!

THE CASE
OF THE
KIDNAPPED
HEIRESS

IT'S ONE A.M. AS SAM AND ELLIE DRIVE PAST THE HOUSE OF WEALTHY BANKER H. GOINGS, JR.

LOOK!
THESE FOLKS
ARE AT IT AGAIN!

The
Adventures of
DASHIELL HAMMETT'S
SAM SPADE

LISTEN TO The Adventures of Sam Spade
every Sunday on 1070 KDFX 105 Street
7100 San Jacinto, Dallas, Texas



SAM SPADE SUGGESTS YOU TRY WILDRONT CREAM OIL. IT MAKES YOUR HAIR LOOK SWELL. MAKES IT FEEL GOOD TOO. GET IT AT ANY DRUG OR TOILETRY GOODS COUNTER.

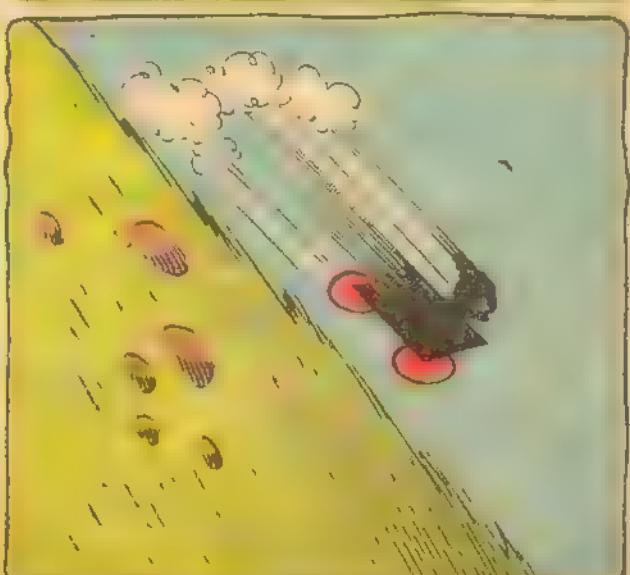
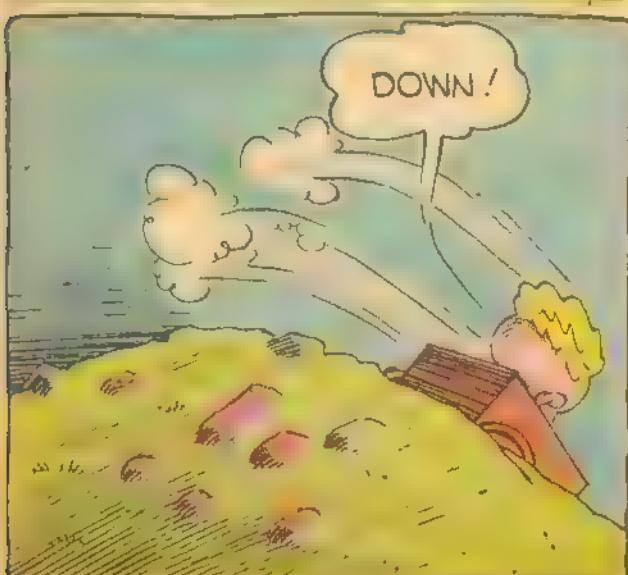
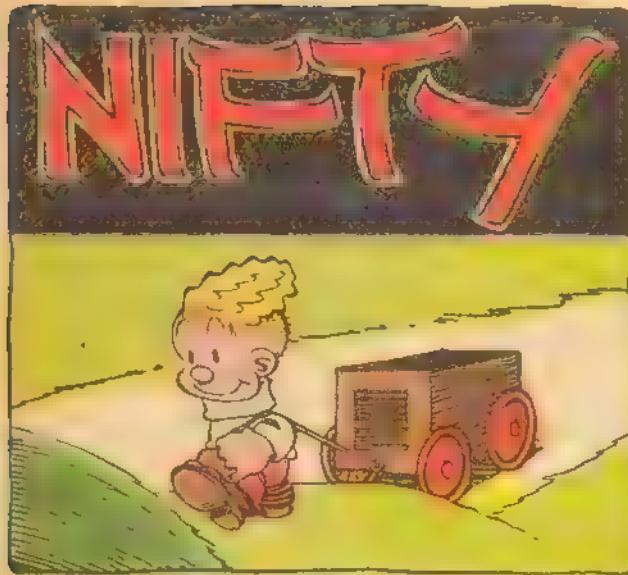
HERE'S GET IT
WILDRONT CREAM
ON YOUR HAIR. MA BE
SHE'LL CHANGE
HER MIND.

WILDRONT
CREAM-ON
HAIR TONIC

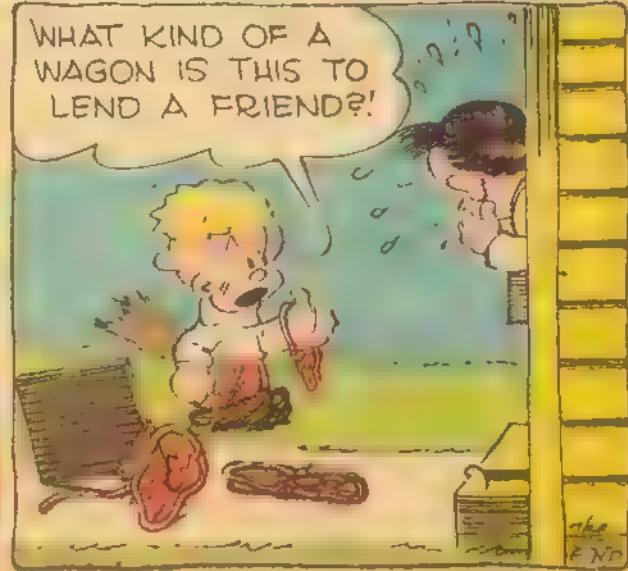
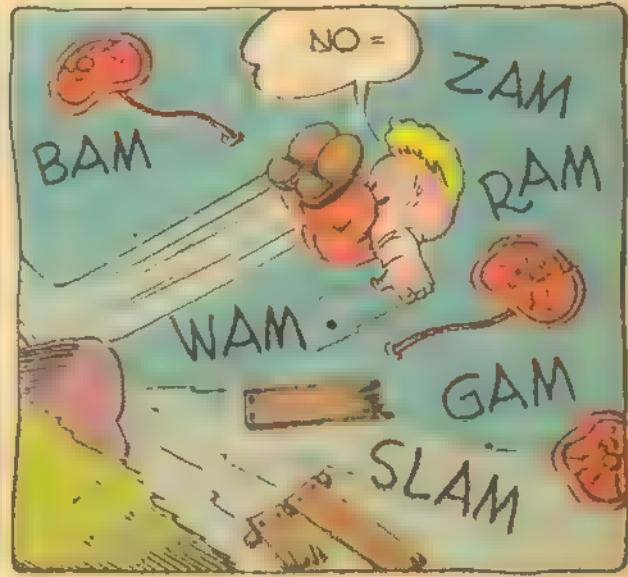
GRASS, THYME,
SAGE, SAVORY,
MINT, ROSEMARY,
LAVENDER.



DETECTIVE COMICS



DETECTIVE COMICS



LONG CHANCE

BY KIT MARTIN

LEAMY EDWARDS, the town sheriff, was passing the time of day on the porch of the Palace Hotel when the bank siren went off. He had just finished telling an admiring group of salesmen, newly arrived in town for the opening of Jacob's Dry Goods Emporium, about the tornado that had hit Wilton the day before.

Now, hearing the bank's alarm, Leamy scurried to the street, his sixty-five years trying desperately to keep up with his flying feet.

"For an old boy," laughed one of the salesmen. "Leamy sure is spry."

"He's right on the job, that's a cinch," another said. "Bet he wasn't in the way of that twister."

"Did some damage, according to Leamy," a third man put in. "Like to tore a lot of houses apart. Wonder what he was going to tell us when the alarm went off?"

The first salesman shrugged. "I wouldn't get excited about that bank siren. Usually, someone hits it by accident or they're just testing."

He was wrong. It was neither accident nor test. In the bank, old Leamy listened as an excited, white-faced teller explained what had happened. "This fellow who was lame came up to the window and—"

"Just a minute," Leamy interrupted. "If you were doing your work, how'd you know he was lame, Kent?"

Kent Blayd flushed. "I was doing my work, but I happened to look up as the man approached my cage. That's how I knew." He rubbed his hand across reddened eyes. "But I didn't know he was going to pull a gun and one of those new-fangled fountain pen tear gas things on me. It was while I was giving him the money that he released the gas."

"Ever see him before?"

"No."

"I did." Big, burly Jeff Castor, the special policeman broke in. The holdup had taken place while he was off to lunch, but he'd returned in time to see the bandit escaping.

"Least, I think it was him, Leamy. I saw that lame feller twice the past week. Here in the bank, making out a deposit slip." Jeff scratched his head. "Come to think of it, by jinks, I never did see him take one to a window! Say, Leamy, you don't think—"

"He was casing the joint, as they say in gangster movies," Leamy said.

Mr. Fitz, the bank president, mopped his brow agitatedly. "What can we do, Sheriff? I've already notified the State Troopers. I guess they'll try to block him."

"It seems to me that a man smart enough to case a bank and pull off a job single-handed would be smart enough to figure a safe getaway."

Leamy looked at Jeff, then out the window. It still lacked an hour to nightfall, but already it was pitch black outside. There was a storm brewing, and when it came, Leamy knew, it would be violent.

"That boy of yours still at the airport, Jeff?" he asked suddenly.

"Think so," the guard said. "He was giving some lessons. He's doing right well since he came back from the Air Force and opened that flying school and charter service. Why, Leamy?"

"Oh, nothin'," Leamy said. He looked at Mr. Fitz. "Well, I got to go out and try to catch that feller, Mr. Fitz." His eye cocked roguishly. "No reward, I suppose?"

Fitz' face reddened with anger. "I'll say there is! I'll give \$5,000 myself to anyone who catches that fellow before he leaves the State. And I think the insurance company will be glad to match it." He shook a fist over his head. "I'll show him he can't rob my bank!"

"Thanks," Leamy went out.

At the airport, young Jeff listened carefully while Leamy, sitting in the tiny office, told what he proposed to do.

"Sure," he said, when the sheriff finished. "I'll help you. Glad to."

They were up in the air in a few moments, and, relaxed at the controls, young Jeff point-

ed downward. "Troopers have the road blockaded there," he said, indicating a line of cars. "What now, Sheriff?"

"Try the back roads," Leamy said. "Pearl to me he'd have thought of them. And don't forget to keep those lights off and on. You got a radio?"

"Sure. I can tune it in to the Troopers' wave length, if we need it," young Jeff said. He was enjoying himself as he always did with Leamy.

The plane cruised through the dark, wind-whipped sky and, although he felt a bit nervous, Leamy said nothing. Whenever young Jeff put on the searchlights to illuminate the ground below, Leamy strained his eyes to see.

It was while the lights were off that the driver of the black sedan heard the plane. Gimp Chaloner grunted. Then, as his quick mind divined what might be happening, he tooled the car off into a side road. "It's impossible," he told himself. "They wouldn't have sense enough to have a plane out searching!"

Yet, the next moment the bank robber knew his fears were realized. The plane passed him. Then its lights switched on and swept the ground ahead.

Gimp wasted no time. Quickly, he reached down to the floor and picked up the black bag to which he had transferred the money. His retentive mind remembered a house he had passed about a quarter mile back. The place had been dark and, since it was some-

what off the beaten path, it offered temporary refuge. A flash of lightning, cutting the sky suddenly, spurred him to action.

He raced along the road, retracing his route. In the distance, behind him, he could see the plane's searchlight go on again. He smiled.

As he had expected, there was no one in the house. It was a one-story affair, California style. His flashlight picked out the front porch, and he sat down under its shelter. He heard the plane again during a lull in the wind. "This'll do until the storm's over," he told himself. "That plane'll have to go in during this rainstorm, and I'll be safe here."

He yawned, throwing back his head in the process. It was then that two blinding lights hit him full in the face. He shielded his eyes, completely taken by surprise. From out of nowhere the plane's searchlights had come, bringing daylight to the porch. . . .

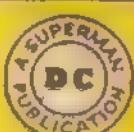
A few minutes later the Troopers stopped his headlong flight.

Back on the Palace Hotel porch, the storm and the chase over, Leamy was explaining to the astonished salesmen, "As I was sayin' before I was interrupted, I knew there warn't nobody livin' in that model home the town's showin' for veterans. I knew it was vacant, so when I saw a man settin' on the porch, I figured it had to be that bank robber feller." Leamy chuckled. "Well, I got to go see Mr. Fitz, now," he said, "and adjust a little money matter with him. Young Jeff's going to be mighty happy about those new planes he'll get!"



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The

BOY COMMANDOS

THE ARMY-NAVY FOOTBALL GAME!
AND THE SPORTS EVENT OF THE YEAR!
WEST POINT TANGLES WITH ANNAPOLIS,
ON THE GRIDIRON — SOLDIER PITTED
AGAINST SAILOR IN THE ACID TEST OF
TRUE SPORTSMANSHIP! — — — — —

— — — — —
AND WHAT HAS THIS ANNUAL CLASSIC TO
DO WITH THE BOY COMMANDOS? PLENTY.
FOR AN ODD QUIRK OF FATE PUTS THE
COMRADES OF COMBAT INTO THE ARENA OF
SPORTS WITH THE COUNTRY'S MILITARY
MARVELS — AND THE PIGSKIN TAKES A FEAR-
FUL BEATING FROM... — — — — —

**"THE QUARTERBACK
FROM BROOKLYN!"**





REMEMBER ALFY, THE BRITISH BOY COMMANDO WHO LEFT HIS PALS TO GO TO SCHOOL IN ENGLAND? HE'S BACK!

BLIMEY! THERE THEY ARE! AIN'T SEEN THE BLIGHTERS FOR MONTHS!

THERE'S ALFY! H'LO. ALFY, HERE WE ARE!

SOME REUNION, EH? AND YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR THE BIG GAME, ALFY!

BROOKLYN! ANDRE!

AN' DIS IS TEX! HE'S A COWPOKE FROM TEXAS!

THE COMMANDOS ARE COMING, TRA-LA, TRA-LA

♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

TAXI!

TO THE ARMY-NAVY GAME, CABBY!

YESSIR! JUST TIME TO MAKE THE KICK-OFF!

LATER...

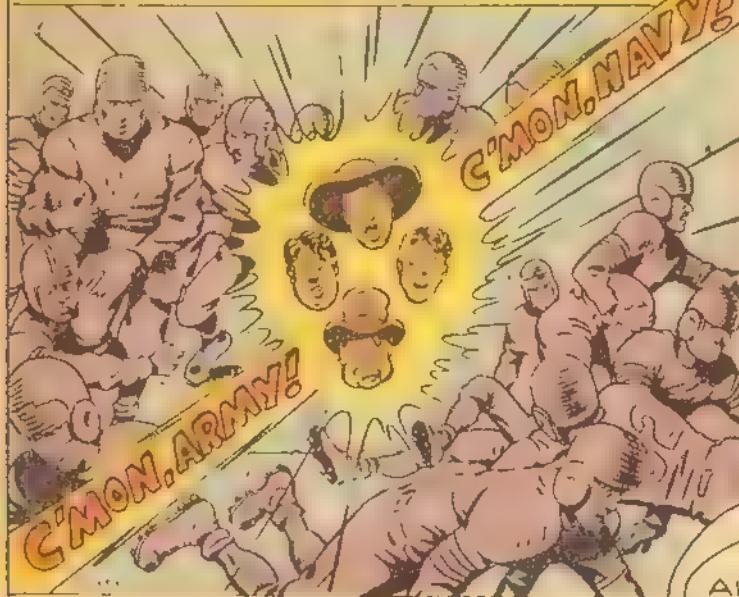
SIT DOWN!

N'YAAA! GO JUMP OFF DA BROOKLYN BRIDGE!

GO TO IT, ARMY! N'YAAA! MOW EM DOWN!

ZE NAVY WEEL STOP ZEM, MON AMI!

THE TWO TEAMS FIGHT DOGGEDLY UP TO THE GAME'S FINAL MINUTES...



AND AS THE GAME ENDS...



WHO SAID THE GAME WAS OVER?

YEAH? WELL, I SAY DA ARMY'D A WON F DEY USED DIS KCK FORMATION! I WISHT I WLZ AT WEST PERNT! I'D SHOW 'EM HOW!

AN' I SAY NAVY COULD'A WON WITH END PLAYS!

AH! SO YOU BOYS ARE IN DISAGREEMENT ABOUT THE GAME!

HMM — TWO OF YOU ARE FOR NAVY, TWO FOR ARMY...

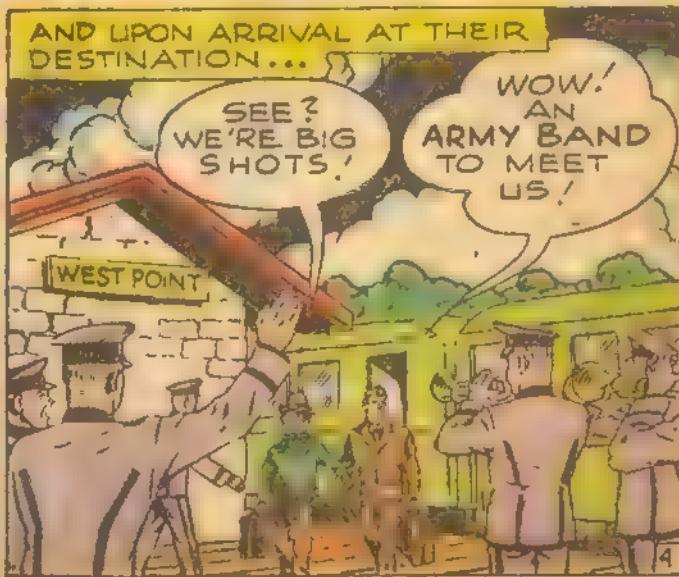
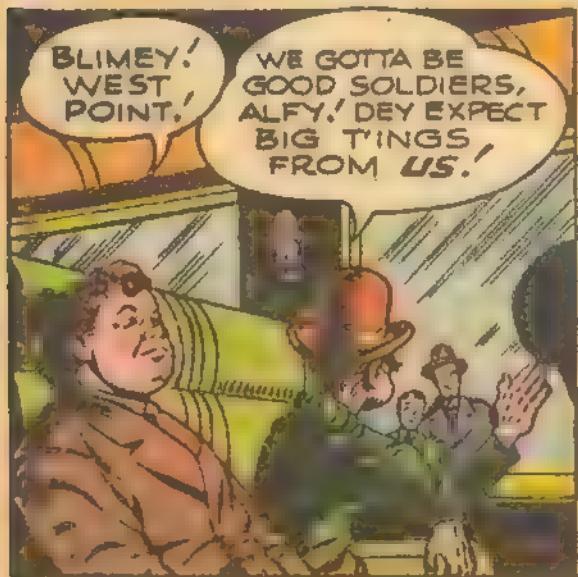
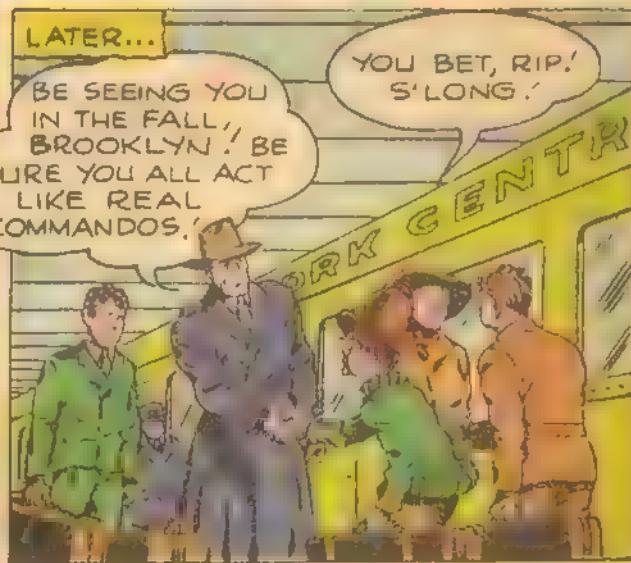
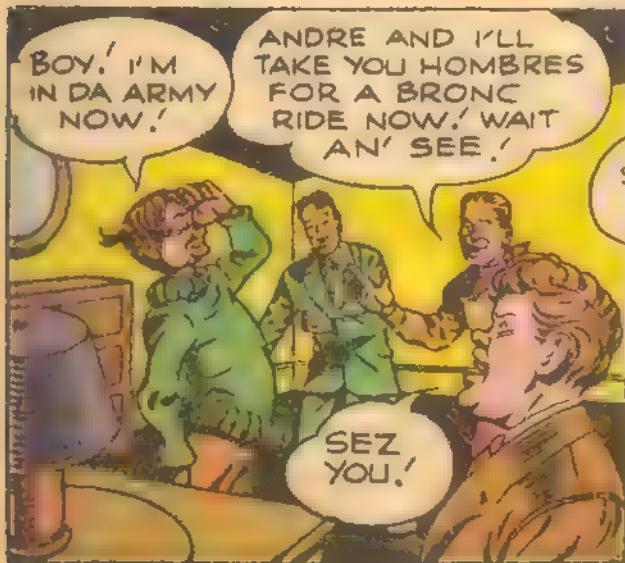
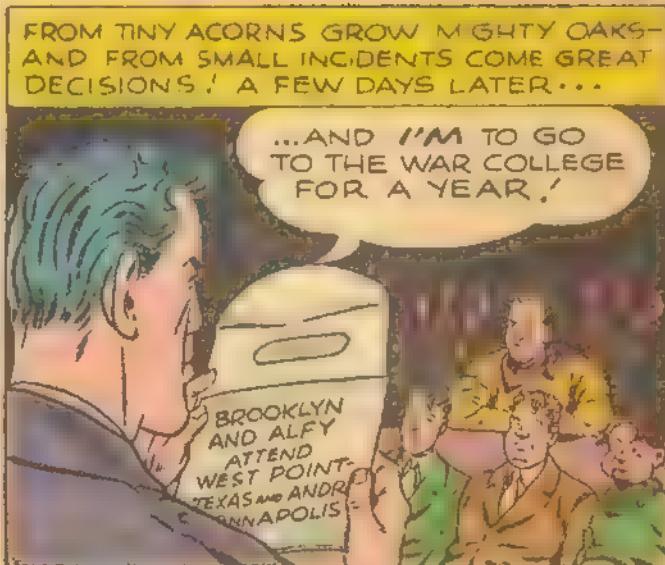
HERE, GENERAL! WATCH HOW I'D PLAY DAT ARMY QUARTERBACK POSITION! 32-48-27 HIP! PASS DA BALL, ALFY!

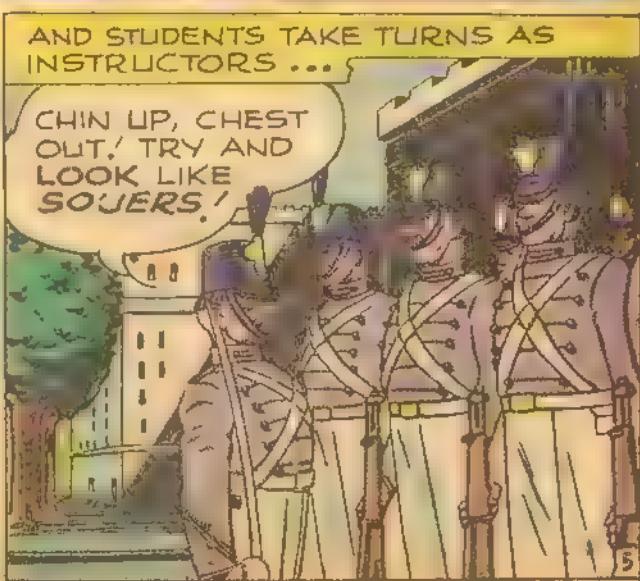
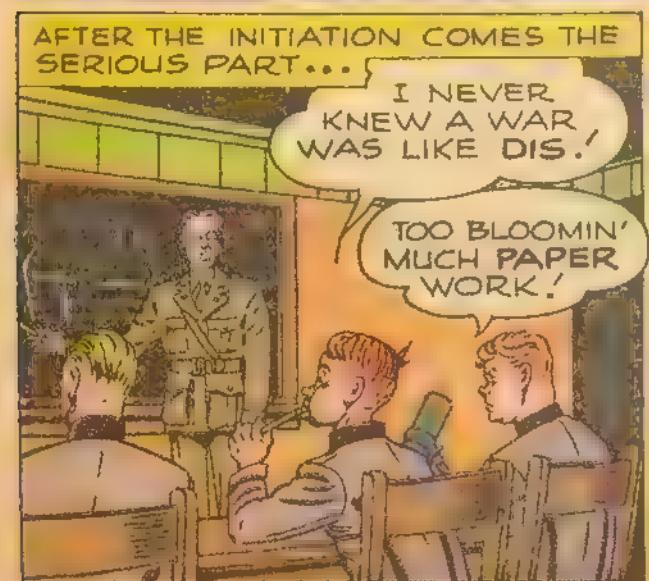
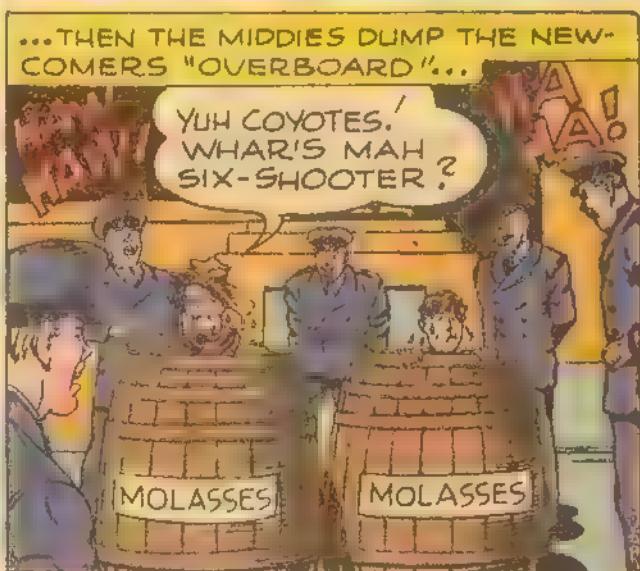
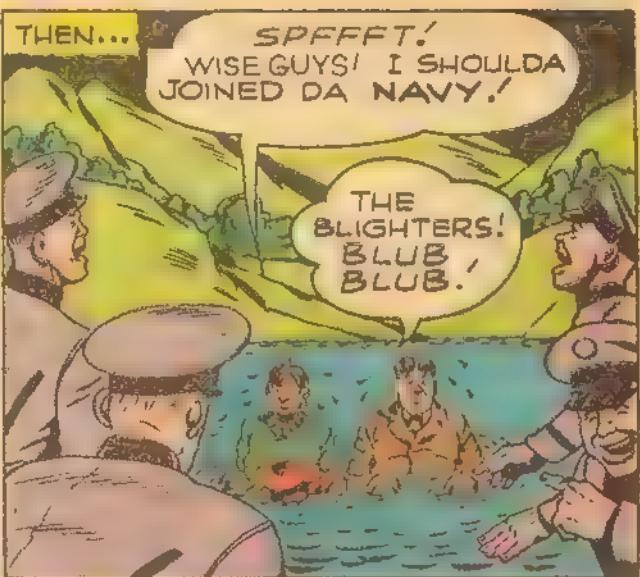
AND THIS IS HOW I'D STOP 'EM FOR NAVY!

YES, THE BOYS SHOW THE HIGH BRASS HOW THEY WOULD HAVE PLAYED THE GAME! AND LATER IN WASHINGTON...

YOUR REQUEST IS MOST UNUSUAL, GENTLEMEN.

I KNOW, MR. PRESIDENT, BLT —







BUT THERE ARE OTHER CHORES, TOO...

I'M GLAD ANDRE AN' TEX CAN'T SEE US! 'MAGINE US BEIN' VALETS TO DA ARMY MULE!

AND WE 'AVEN'T BEEN NEAR THE BALLY FOOTBALL FIELD.

... BUT AT ANNAPOLIS...

I'M SHO GLAD BROOKLYN AN' ALFY CAN'T SEE US PLAYIN' NURSEMAIDS TO THE NAVY GOAT!

WONDER IF THEY'RE ANY CLOSER TO ZEE FOOTBALL TEAM ZAN WE?



C'MON, YUH LITTLE COYOTE! GIT MOVIN'!

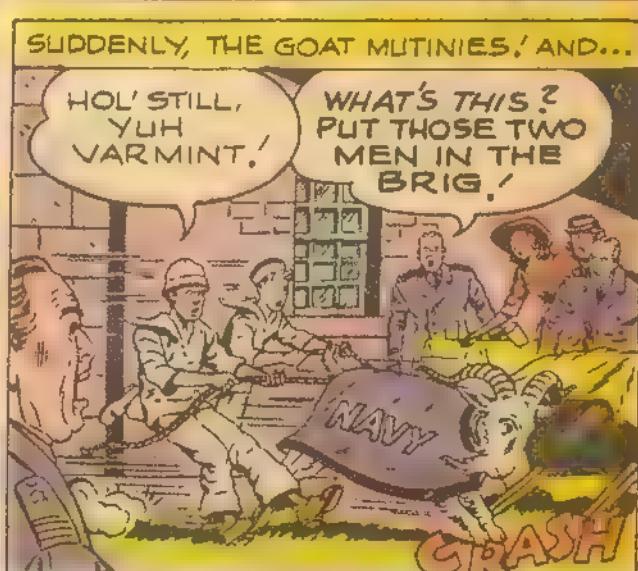
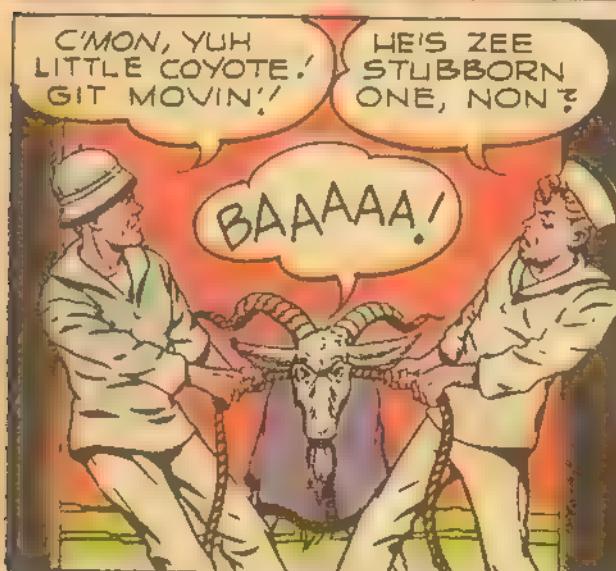
HE'S ZEE STUBBORN ONE, NON?

BAAAAA!

SUDDENLY, THE GOAT MUTINIES! AND...

HOL' STILL, YUH VARMINT!

WHAT'S THIS? PUT THOSE TWO MEN IN THE BRIG!



GET THEM! HANG THEM FROM THE YARDARM—THE GOAL POST—ANYTHING! GRRRRR—

MEANWHILE, BROOKLYN AND ALFY ARE NOT FARING MUCH BETTER.

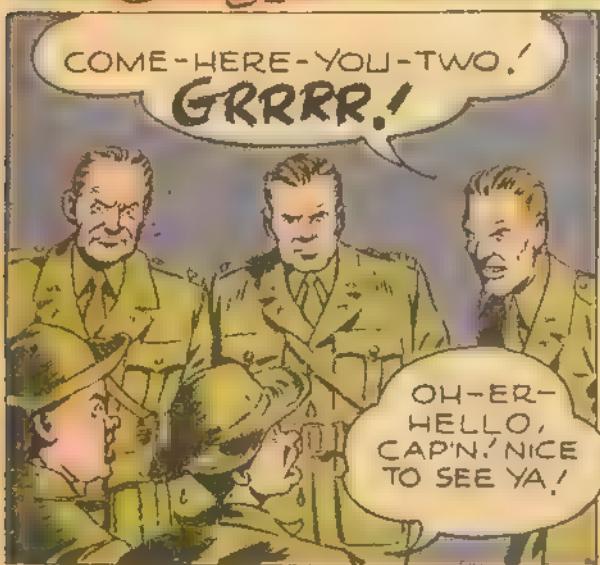
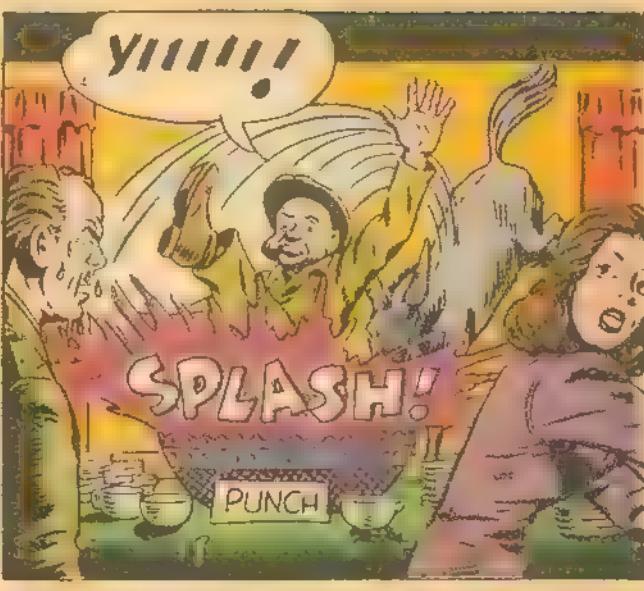
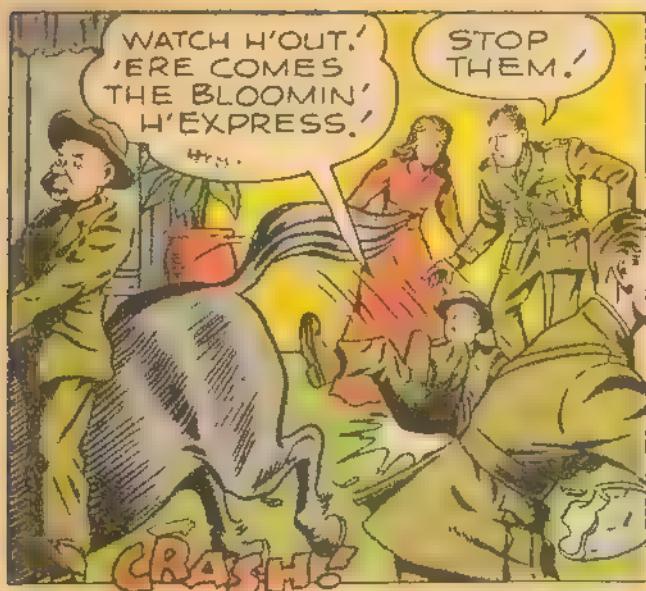


STOP THE BLIGHTER!, BROOKLYN.

WHERE'S DA BRAKES ON DIS NAG?

WHAT GOES ON HERE?







LATER...

WE CAP-CHOORED
DIS SIDE O' DA RIVER!
NOW DEY'RE PUTTIN'
UP A BAILEY BRIDGE
TO GET DA TANKS
ACROST!

I SAY, THERE'S
A RUMOR ABOUT
THAT NAVY
CADETS WILL
JOIN US FOR THE
FINALE ON THIS
MANEUVER.
WONDER IF
TEX AND ANDRE
WILL BE ALONG...?

BLT SUDDENLY, AN UNSCHEDULED
INCIDENT!... A SMALL AMMUNITION
CRAFT BREAKS LOOSE, AND...

SHE'S ON
FIRE. SHE'LL
EXPLODE!

LOOK! IT'S
HEADIN'
TH'S WAY!

WE CAN'T FIRE AND
SINK HER—SHE'S TOO
CLOSE! GET OFF
THIS BRIDGE.
HURRY! RUN!

ABRUPTLY, TWO LONE FIGLRES DASH
ONTO THE BRIDGE...

STOP THOSE
FOOLS!

C'MON,
ALFY—I GOT A
PLAN TO STOP
DAT BOININ'
GUNBOAT!

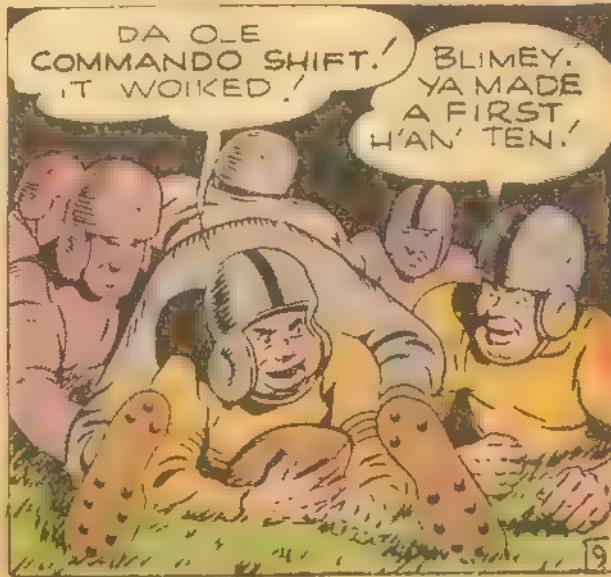
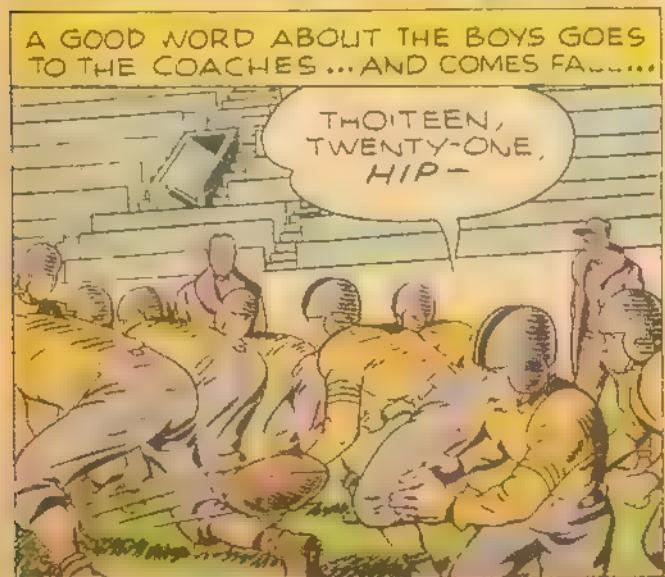
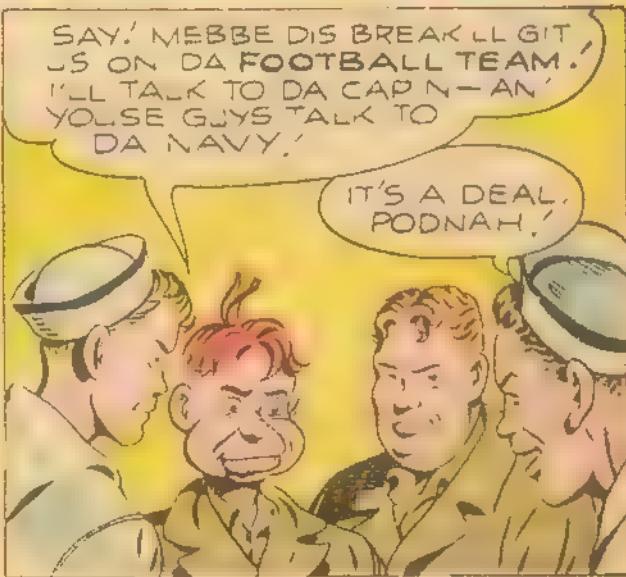
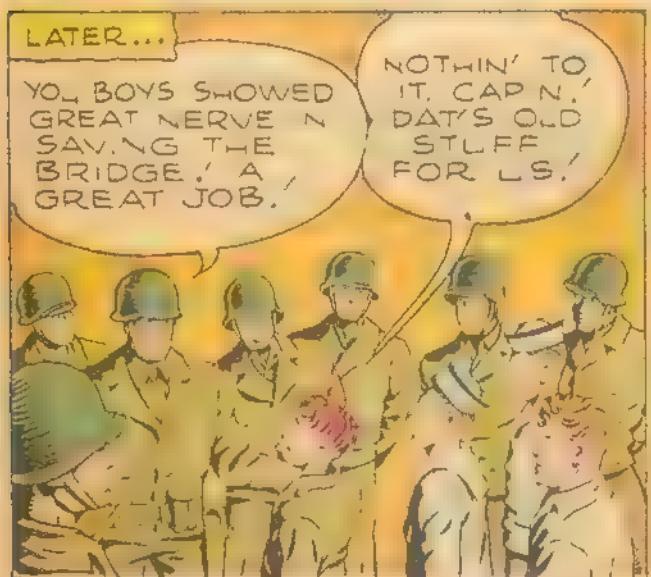
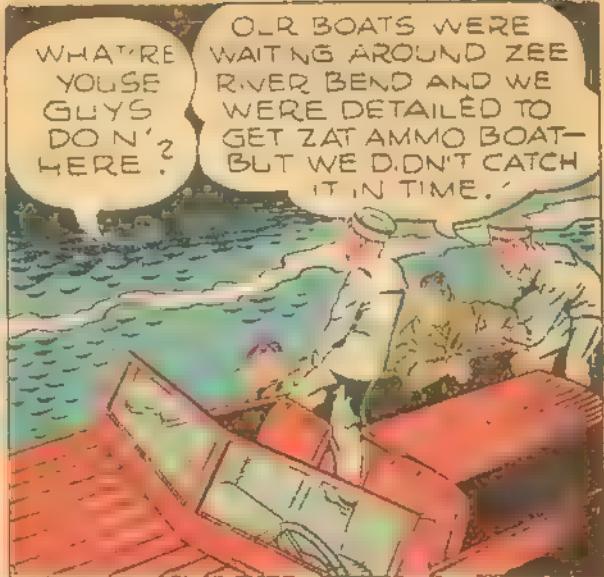
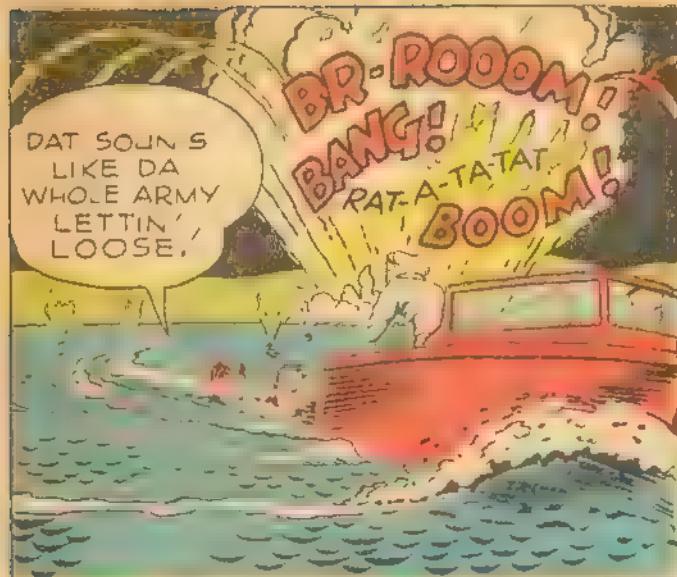
THE COMMANDOS GRAB THE TRAILING
ROPES AND STEER THE BOAT INTO
A CURRENT THAT CARRIES IT AWAY
FROM THE BRIDGE!

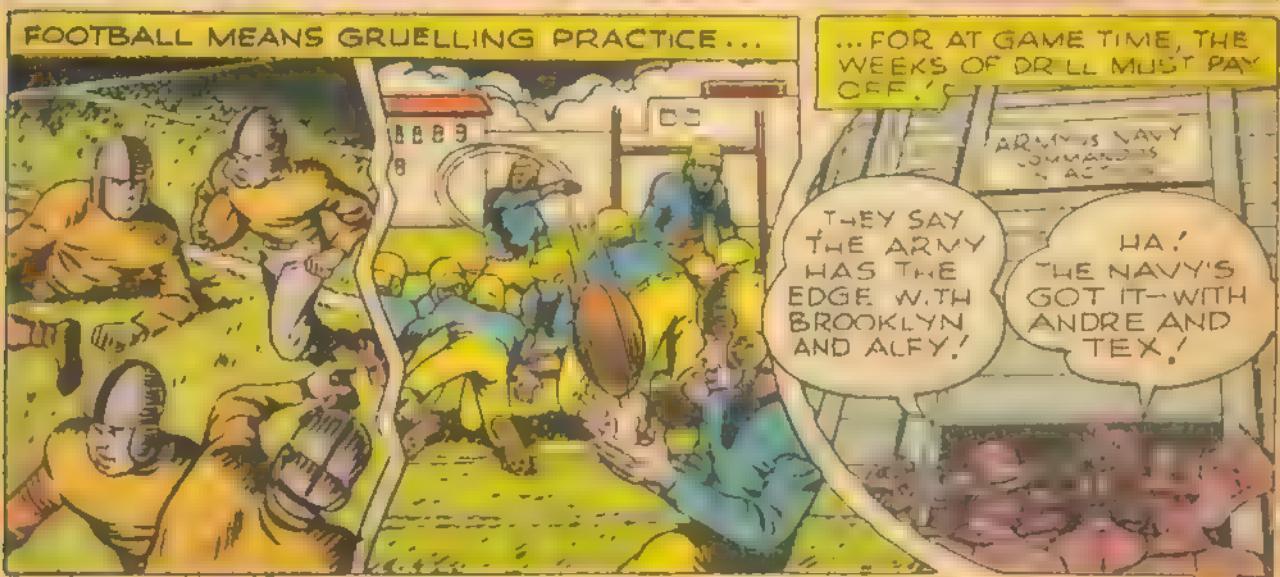
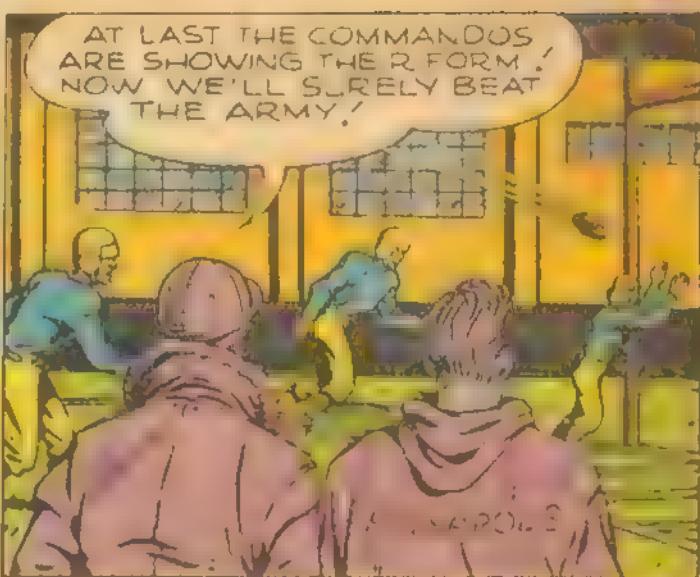
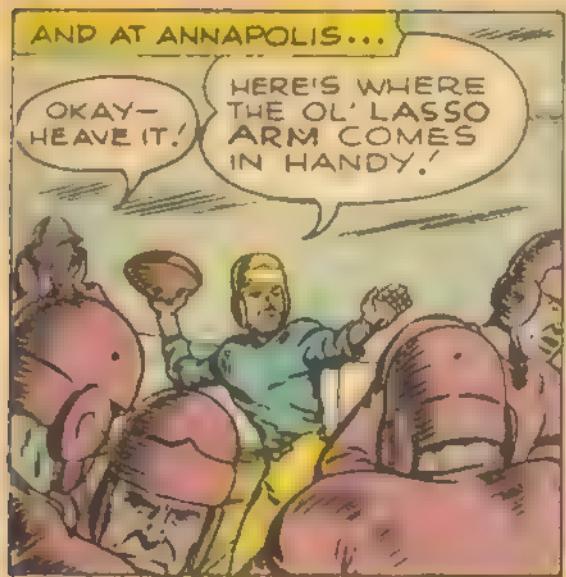
SCRAM, ALFY—
SHE'S GONNA
BLOW UP NOW.
WE GOT IT
FAR 'NUFF!

SUDDENLY, AROUND THE RIVER'S
BEND...

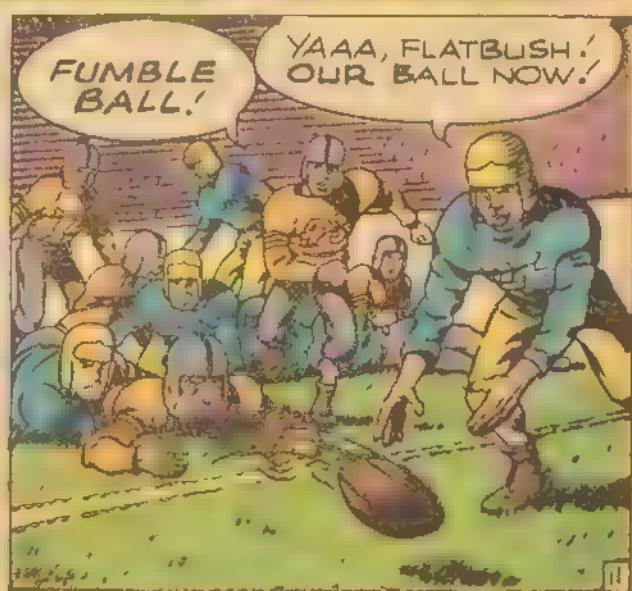
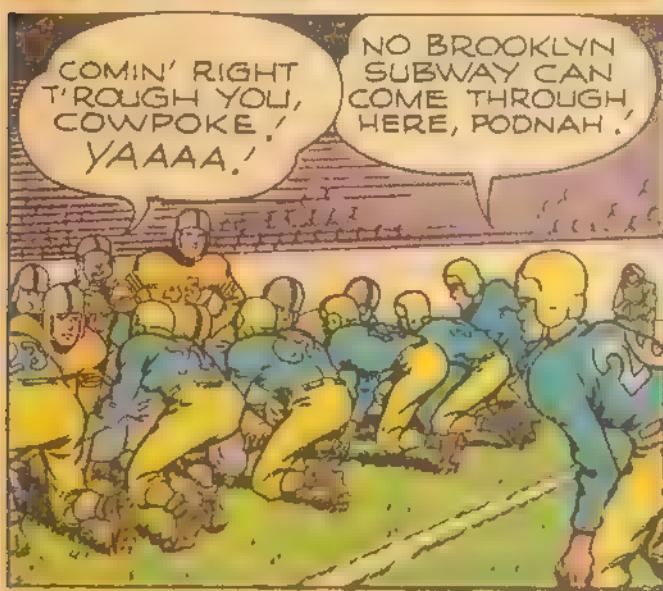
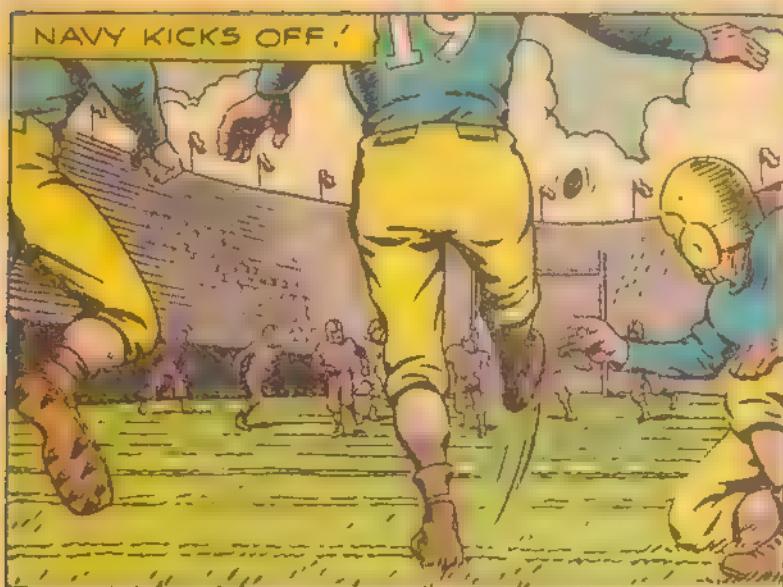
TEX!
ANDRE!

GRAB ON,
MES AMIS!
HURRY!



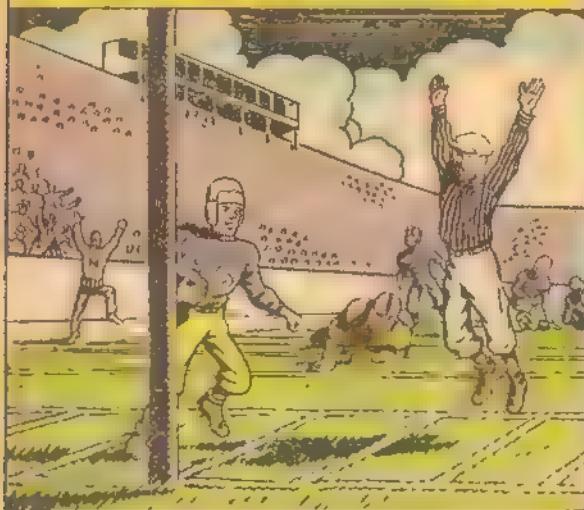


DETECTIVE COMICS

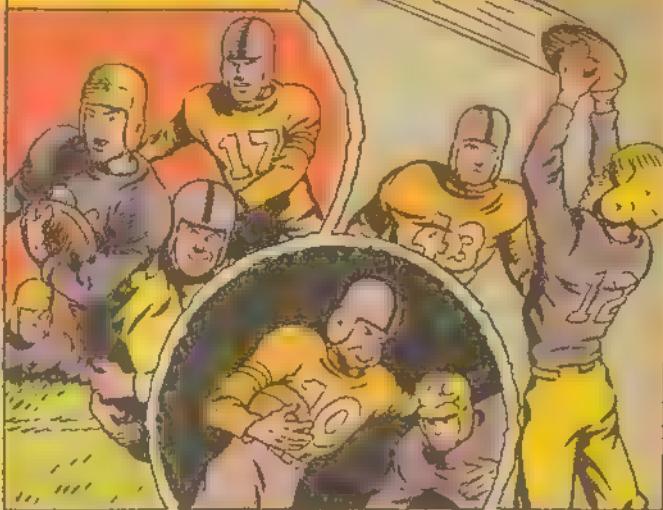




PICKING UP THE FUMBLED BALL, TEX STREAKS FOR THE GOAL LINE!



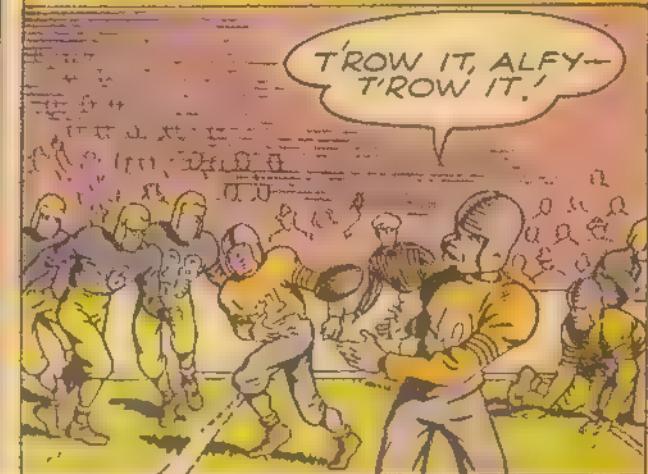
WITH A 6 TO 0 LEAD, NAVY PLAYS A TIGHT GAME...



THEN, IN THE FINAL MINUTES OF PLAY, BROOKLYN SETS UP THE FAMED STATUE OF LIBERTY PLAY...



AND AS ALFY RACES TOWARD A GROUP OF NAVY TACKLERS, HE LATERALS THE BALL BACK—



—AND BROOKLYN SLIDES ACROSS JUST IN TIME! THE GAME IS TIED!



THE EXTRA POINT FAILS. THE TEAMS FILE OFF THE FIELD. AND LATER...



C'mon fellows get your

SUPERMAN

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



JACKETS and SWEATERS

GOSH, THE
FELLOWS AT OUR
SCHOOL MADE ME
HEAD OF THE
SUPERMAN
CLUB

ALL THE KIDS
IN MY NEIGHBOR-
HOOD THINK
MY SUPERMAN
SWEATER IS
SWELL

WOW, THIS JACKET
REALLY MAKES ME
FEEL LIKE THE MAN
OF STEEL



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HIGH SCHOOL "CHAMPS" OF AMERICA by Thom McAn

Billy Gillis

VOTED "MOST POPULAR BOY"

IN HIS CLASS AT THE RIVERBEND SCHOOL, ATHOL, MASS.



HE'S THE "SPARK PLUG" OF HIS FOOTBALL TEAM.



STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE-- HIS FAVORITE TREAT!



BRIGHT SHIRTS AND BLUE DUNGAREES ARE BILL'S FAVORITE "ROUND-THE-HOUSE" CLOTHES

Billy Gillis

is "Most Popular Boy" in his class—and no wonder! Modest, good-looking. Bill's a crack athlete for his weight. Plays "heads-up" shortstop in School League. Loves to swim, run, play football. Often brings home a creel-full of brook trout. Likes adventure stories, coffee ice-cream, jitter-bugging. Known for his neat clothes. Thinks Thom McAn's "GRO-CHART" a good idea—because it helps keep kids from stuntng their foot growth with out-grown shoes!

HIS HOBBY--BUILDING FASCINATING MINIATURE WAGONS, BUGGIES, MODEL AIRPLANES--WANTS TO STUDY FLYING AFTER GRADUATION.



LOVES TO HUNT WITH HIS DAD AND THEIR SETTER "LADY". HOPES TO HUNT IN CANADA NEXT YEAR.



DON'T RISK STUNTING YOUR FOOT GROWTH! USE THE "GRO-CHART"--AND KEEP THE HEALTHY FEET OF A CHAMPION. IT'S FUN TO BE "GRO-SCOPED" AT YOUR NEAREST THOM MCAN STORE--AND YOU GET A FREE CHART TO TAKE HOME WITH YOU.

BILLY'S CHOICE OF THE LATEST THOM MCAN STYLES IS THIS GRAIN-LEATHER HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMP.
(BOYS' STYLE NO. X-32; MENS' STYLE NO. 606)



Thom McAn
503 STORES - IN 299 CITIES

AMERICAN BOYS

BILL OF RIGHTS



Boys...The Boys of America

We believe in these OUR RIGHTS: the right to LIBERTY, hard-won by our forefathers & the right to HAPPINESS that comes with the growth of a healthy body and mind & the right to TRAINING, thoughtfully planned by parents, school and church & the right to OPPORTUNITY, to live, learn, play and

grow up in the time-honored traditions of a free people & and the right to learn to SHOOT SAFELY. We recognize and accept the responsibility imposed by these Rights. But & until we are old enough to vote & we expect YOU & our fathers, mothers and other citizens who elect America's city, county, state and federal officers & to be eternally vigilant that our RIGHTS be not abridged!

"THE RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE TO KEEP AND BEAR ARMS SHALL NOT BE INFRINGED!"
(QUOTATION FROM THE SECOND AMENDMENT TO THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION)

For 61 years Daisy has provided American boys with quality air rifles and literature enabling them to practice effectively the correct principles of safe shooting before handling firearms. Daisy Air Rifles are America's approved, traditional, juvenile safety shooting training tools. PARENTS! Be sure your boy gets to enjoy his constitutional rights to learn to shoot safely. If he abuses this right and privilege, his Daisy Air Rifle should be taken away from him. (Boys, show this ad to your Dad.)

DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT and AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
8011 Union St., Plymouth, Michigan, U. S. A.

SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!

BOYS...PICTURE FOR YOUR ROOM!

A large, full color reproduction of the American Boys Bill of Rights oil painting, for your room, is yours postpaid for only 15c plus 3c unused stamp. Order now!



GET YOUR DAISY HANDBOOK

For safer shooting, more fun. Comic strips, jokes, inventions, jet propulsion, cowboy lore, complete Daisy Catalog, etc. Pocket-size. Send 10c, unused 3c stamp, and coupon below!

BIG BARGAIN SPECIAL!

We'll send postpaid both Bill of Rights oil painting reproduction and Handbook...for only 25c in coin...while supply lasts. Hurry!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 8011 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

Rush to me postpaid your:

BILL OF RIGHTS PICTURE!

I enclose 15c coins plus 3c stamp.

DAISY HANDBOOK!

I enclose 10c plus 3c stamp.

PICTURE & HANDBOOK BARGAIN!

I enclose 25c. Send me both.

Name.....

St. and No.

City.....

State.....

NEW EVEREADY FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES

TRADE-MARK

*Now last 93% longer!**



Drive 7 Goals with a Flashlight Cell?—Yes!

Properly released, the electric energy in one tiny "Eveready" flashlight cell could drive a polo ball the full length of the field—300 yards—and do it 7 times, to score 7 goals!

• It takes POWER to make light. And it takes power-packed new "Eveready" flashlight cells to make your flashlight give you better light, longer! Today, with energy and value nearly doubled, "Eveready" brand flashlight batteries are first choice everywhere for **bright** LIGHT! Plenty available—good dealers have them—no price increase!

The registered trade-mark "Eveready" distinguishes products of
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MEANS BRIGHTER LIGHT,
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